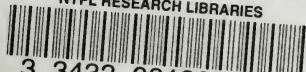


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ANTE-MORTEM  
DEPOSITIONS  
OF  
PETER PETROFF.



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PETER PETROFF



ANTE-MORTEM

# DEPOSITIONS

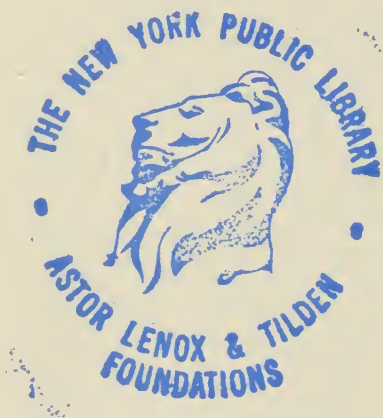
—OF—

P. PETROFF

VETERAN OF THE WAR FOR THE UNION

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SAN FRANCISCO  
PRESS OF THOS. J. DAVIS  
523 MARKET STREET  
1895



## INTRODUCTION

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Mr. Peter Petroff died in Oakland, June 1, 1894, aged 68 years. He was a member of the Garfield Post, Grand Army. Fitting funeral services were held at their hall in this city, and the burial was on June 5th, in the Soldiers' Cemetery at the Presidio. The testimony of his commanding officer in the war was, "His character was excellent." "None was more faithful, trustworthy and brave on the field of battle." A gentleman in New Haven, in whose employ he was about ten years immediately after the war, said: "Mr. Petroff I believe to be one of nature's born gentlemen, of unexcelled faithfulness and integrity in every respect." And such was his character in this city and up to the time of his death. His bearing was military; he was a great reader; he thought much upon the social questions of the day, and wrote and published some very good articles. He lived quietly on his pension for years. His left arm was amputated near the shoulder, and his health was not good. With means placed at my disposal, and according to promise, I publish his manuscript, left to my care, and only to be read after his death. His imperfect English is given nearly as he wrote it. He particularly requested this, possibly fearing to cause his friend trouble, and that by the changes made the sense would be obscured. Whatever the faults of the grammatical construction, the meaning is in almost every place quite plain. Each reader must judge for himself as to the weight he will give to the "visions" of our brother. Whatever he saw or thought he saw, he was a noble Christian man, a soldier of the cross. He has been mustered out from the Grand Army here, and has gone to join the infinitely more glorious army above, of whom the Lord Jesus Christ is Captain.

J. K.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1894.



## PREFACE

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I deem it to be expedient and necessary to say at the start, as preface, that these writings are, in no ways, intended to serve as an autobiography of my life; but are done solely for the transmission to the world of the after-described *Visions* I have had; and with exclusive desire and hope that my fellow-men who will have the opportunity to read these *Ante-mortem Depositions* may profit by them, and be strengthened in belief in the Word of God—the Sacred Scriptures—as also in the faith of our Saviour Jesus Christ, and be thereby moved to render due obedience to his teachings and commandments as they are ingrafted and handed over to us in the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles.

As these ante-mortem depositions will be read only then, when I have passed away from among the living beings on this earth, so they—the Depositions—may be reasonably and properly considered as a voice from the other, that is the spiritual, world.

Now, is there any person among the professed believers in God and the Bible that could assert any doubt in the truthfulness of the after-described *Visions*, or consider them as fictions or imaginations of some diseased mental faculties, seeing that they come, as it were, from out the grave? God be merciful to such a being! I cannot help him; but his doubt or unbelief will surely be injurious to him. And his folly he will perceive only then, when it will be too late for him to mend it or repair. As regards the writer of this, he can only, and does, solemnly assure every one on earth that he saw the *Visions*, as they are described in the *Depositions*, in full mental power, in

full daylight, and in full rational consciousness, as he was fully aware about all surroundings and circumstances which were at that time under the sweep of his natural eye. And the visions themselves, as also the other objects—to that time under his eye—are all perfectly preserved in his memory till the very present day, although over twenty-two years passed since he saw the first and most sublime of them. And he sees them, the visions, mentally clear till the present day, and remembers all the surroundings and attendant circumstances as clearly and vividly now as if he saw them a few days or a month ago; although but a very few circumstances of his life not connected with the visions are remaining in his memory, even so far that he can but very little remember of the various circumstances of his life. But the *Visions* and all the circumstances of the respective times when he beheld the visions are all vividly before his mental eye till now.

It is natural to expect that, with many a thinking reader, the question will be raised, Why these *Visions*, obviously so sublime and significant, were not given to the world by the writer of this during his life on earth, and not, as he has done, after his passing away from the earth? The answer and full explanation of the various reasons to that, the reader will find in the proper places of the “Depositions” themselves. And, as it was said before, the “Depositions” are not to constitute an autobiography of the writer of them; so I shall confine myself to the limits of mentioning only such events as are necessary to the better explanation of the *Visions*, as also describing more fully the events connected with the *Visions* themselves.

This I deem to be sufficient as a preliminary introduction. Therefore, with the help of our Lord and Saviour, I will proceed with the “Depositions” themselves, saying, “Thy will be done, Our Lord God and Saviour Jesus Christ. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.”

PETER PETROFF.

# Depositions

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## CHAPTER I

I was born on the 14th of February, 1826; brought up and educated in St. Petersburg, Russia. Hence, at the present, the time of writing these Depositions (1886), I am in the sixty-first year of my age.

This particular, by the way, may serve to convince any doubtful reader in the truthfulness of these "Depositions"; as, at this advanced age of life, it is presumable that any rational man ought to know better than to write a fiction, and ascribe to it the solemn truth of being "Ante-mortem Depositions."

In 1862, traveling through Europe, and, being in England, I accidentally became acquainted with a young officer (first lieutenant) of the Austrian army by the name of Puffer, who resigned his commission in the Austrian service, with the purpose of going to America with intention to join the Northern army in the war for the preservation of the Union of States against the Southern Confederacy of dissolution. And for this purpose he had provided himself with several letters of introduction and recommendation, written by some eminent men of his country to several generals of German nationality, who already became distinguished in the Northern army of America, as Generals Siegel, Warner, Heintzelman, Schurz, etc. Showing these to me, he pressed upon my mind most earnestly to accompany him to America, promising to use the letters in promoting my interests as well as his own. On my remark that

in the United States the national language is English—but I never studied that language, and do not know it at all—he answered that precisely the same case is with him. And that was true, as we always helped ourselves through by means of either the German or the French languages. But we were assured both by word and in some measure by the newspaper press, that in the Northern army of the United States there were military organizations composed entirely of Germans, with some mixtures of French and Irish; and these German troop-bodies (even full regiments) were officered with German officers, and had the commands, and everything else, in the German language. Thus it would be a comparatively easy task for us to establish ourselves properly.

Being entirely independent, and free to choose my ways and actions, I consented to go with him to America, and told him right off that I go solely for the purpose of entering the Northern army; and, as he was provided with so many recommendations, I expect him to be of some help to me, which he readily promised. So, taking passage on the steamer *City of Baltimore*, we embarked from Liverpool for New York.

After several days of our tour across the Atlantic (which, in all, lasted nearly ten days), my companion (Puffer) informed me that he made acquaintance with a person on board the steamer who is an agent of the Southern Confederate Government, by which government he was sent to Europe for finding volunteers for the Southern army, and who was now returning from Europe. Further, he informed me that this agent, having learned from my companion that we—Puffer and I—were going to America with the positive intention to join the Northern army, was trying hard to divert him from this, assuring him that the Northern States will surely be beaten, and the Southern Confederacy established, advising him better to join the Southern army. Further on he asked my companion to consult with me about that; and if we both consent to go into



the Southern army, he invites us to accompany him to his home in Philadelphia, Penn., from whence he was; and that, as soon as we have signed the requisite papers we will receive a bounty of \$500 each of us; maybe still more, but he can guarantee only \$500 to each of us; in this we can be sure.

Learning all these, and many more particulars about that case from Puffer, I told him at once, and with positive understanding, that he is at full liberty to go where he pleases, and do what he thinks to be the best for him; that is, to join the Northern or the Southern army; but, what regards my own self, I never will go into the Southern army, even if I would be offered *five thousand* instead of *five hundred dollars* for that; moreover, as he perfectly knows himself that I started from England for America with the sole purpose of joining the Northern army, as the cause of the North side is the just and right one, and that of the South side is wrong and unjust, I never and never would start from Europe with an aim to join the Southern Army. Therefore, I ask him to inform that agent about my opinions and positive intentions; and, as to his own self, to act as he finds it better for him. To which Puffer answered that his opinions, nearly in everything, coincide with mine views, and he has partly expressed them to that man already; but now, knowing mine positive opinions and resolution, he will tell him everything straight out, and will decline all his offered gifts and assistances. He afterwards pointed to me the agent, but I never made any acquaintance, nor spoke one word to him.

So, arriving in New York, we rented rooms in a hotel on Greenwich street (do not remember the name of the hotel). One morning, about three or four days after our arrival, I being not quite well, Puffer went out alone to ascertain, if possible, where about he could find some of the persons to whom he had the letters of recommendation, and did not come back, and since which morning I never saw him again. But, on the

morning of the third day (as far as I can remember) after his disappearance, a police officer brought into the hotel a note, written in German upon a small bit of paper, addressed to me and signed, as well as written, by Puffer, in which Puffer notified me that, after leaving hotel, he went around inquiring for information about those generals to whom he had letters, and, naturally, did so mostly with military officers who were on recruiting service in New York city.

Thus he chanced to fall in with some officers who knew either German or French languages (some of them being from Europe) ; and they informed him that all the generals to whom he held letters of recommendation are either in the field with the active army, or in the city of Washington, and none of them can be found in New York. And, therefore, they advised him to enlist right off, and go to the field without delay or loss of time. So, upon their advice, he enlisted right away, and has been transported several miles out of New York city limits, where that regiment is being formed.

After describing the above circumstances, he earnestly urged me to come out to see him, as he ever so much desired to see me, but is not permitted to leave the camp, where they are kept more like military prisoners than free volunteer soldiers, because too many who are permitted to leave the camp do not return at all. Therefore, as we came together to America with the intention to serve together, he earnestly entreats me to come out into the camp to see him, and he is pretty sure that once being there I will enlist also, and then we will be together. The same day I went out to look for that camp, and was, by some German, directed to take a certain horse-car and go so-and-so far, then take another car, and finally a third one; after which car has stopped for return trip to get out of it and inquire for the camp of that regiment (the names neither of the place nor the regiment can I remember), which I did; but, as I could not speak English, and outside the city it was far harder

to find a person who understood any other language besides English; so, notwithstanding my all-day wanderings, I could not find the camp, and had to return to New York without having seen Puffer, and never have met him anywhere afterwards; as also do not know at all if he is alive or not at the present time.

I deem it proper to say here that I went into this extensive description of particulars for two causes:

1. Because they bear more or less upon the circumstances which attended the principal vision; and—

2. If Puffer is yet in this world, and he will have the opportunity to read these "Depositions," he surely will remember much of that which I have here described, and will testify the truthfulness of the above statements in memory of his old friend, "Dear Russia," as he so many times called the writer of this; certainly as far as he was concerned, being a part in the different events till we had separated after his departure from the hotel.

A few days later I fell in with mine nephew (son of mine sister), who came to America some months before me from Zurich, Switzerland, where he was educated in the School of Polytechnics, but born in St. Petersburg, Russia. As a young man, speaking several languages, and especially knowing some of the English language, he had formed already many acquaintances among young people in New York, and was desirous, too, with some other young men, to join the Union army, which circumstance was very agreeable to me, as I did not know the English language at all.

Shortly after this we fell into the hands of another agent who was from Connecticut, and gathered in New York city recruits for the State of Connecticut. He spoke several languages, and was very useful to us. This agent informed us that in New Haven, Conn., there are many companies, if not full regiments, composed mostly of Germans, and commanded

by officers of German nationality; hence, induced us to go with him to New Haven, Conn., where he will find for us the most suitable regiment. So I and mine nephew, and several others (nine men in all), came with this agent to New Haven, Conn., where shortly after we enlisted, but not under assistance of that agent, as he left us the next day after our arrival. And, after signing some papers, the contents of which we never knew, I, with mine nephew, were dispatched to Fort Trumbull, New London, Conn., and the others had to go somewhere else.

In Fort Trumbull was the headquarters of the 14th United States Infantry (regulars), and also a place for gathering recruits for that volunteer regiment into which we have enlisted. So, after passing one month in the Fort in drilling and guard-duty, I applied for a three days' furlough to go to New Haven for making settlements, if there were any debts against me. And in the night of the third day, having come back to the Fort, and reporting myself in the guard-house for returning the furlough, I was laughed at and congratulated as a corporal.

Not knowing anything more about it, I presumed it to be a joke or a sneer. But the next morning our orderly sergeant (a Prussian who many years served in Prussia and also in French service, and who spoke German and French tolerably well) came to and informed me that the Post-Commander, Major Williams, who did give me the furlough, told him after my departure on furlough that he does not expect to see me in the Fort again; but if I should return he will promote me to a corporal. So that morning, having reported to him my return, he received the order to place my name upon the list of corporals in his book of report; therefore, I must let the post tailor put the proper chevrons on my uniform.

Being entirely ignorant in the English language—as I could not speak even five words in English, and even could not understand much more if told by another—I remonstrated with the sergeant most earnestly, telling him that I cannot ac-

cept this promotion, as the duty of a corporal is, among others, to place the sentinels on their proper posts, and thereby, and at that time, to give them all the orders which they have to perform and carry out on their posts of duty; as also, at the time of changing the sentinels, to listen and mark closely that the relieved sentry should turn over all the orders to the incoming one—all of which I was utterly incapable to perform because I do not understand the necessary language, which is almost equivalent to being deaf and dumb. But the sergeant insisted, saying that the refusal to accept the promotion would be insulting to Major Williams, who said that he cannot suffer to see Petroff standing as a sentinel on guard; and, therefore, I accepted it, and became a corporal.

Now it was exceedingly hard for me to perform my duties without being able to understand what any man standing above me in rank would have told me to do; so, having become a non-commissioned officer—a corporal—it fell upon me still harder to perform my duties, as I had to receive orders from my superiors, or those in temporary authority over me, and transmit the orders correctly to those under me as privates and sentinels on guard-duty—all of which I was utterly unable properly to perform. And, in consequence of which, instead of escaping the constant abuse and insult from ill-disposed comrades, I became merely a laughing-stock for all such who chose to have some fun at my expense; and only God knows how many there were for this purpose. And it did not stop here, but went further; from joking, sneering and laughing at me, many went so far as to do personal injury to me by insulting and plaguing me in every possible way, as I was entirely unable, on account of my ignorance of English, to defend myself.

In December, 1862, in consequence of a proposal and desire of Major Williams, I was transferred from that volunteer regiment, into which I was enlisted, into the 14th United States Infantry (regular), to which Major Williams belonged, and the



headquarters of which were in Fort Trumbull; presuming that, as in regular service there is more of proper order and military discipline, I would escape from the constant and frequently almost unbearable annoyance, plague and insult to which I was exposed among the volunteers. But in this expectation I was sorely disappointed, though in regular service I found more strict military discipline and more proper order; but these very conditions made my ignorance of English harder to bear on me. And the annoyances did not cease, but rather were augmented from the side of the volunteers, which regiment I left by transfer. And it went so far that not infrequently I was informed by some one or another that I was calumniated, and falsely accused or misrepresented before Major Williams and other officers; but, as I ever abhorred and despised the feeling or practice of revenge or retaliation, and, at the same time, was utterly unable to defend myself with the tongue, I was obliged to bear all that in silence, which was sometimes but too hard to endure. So I concluded at the first opportunity, when the next party of recruits are sent into the field, to express my wish to go to the front for further service. This opportunity presented itself very soon, and I was sent, with many others, to the field, and joined my regiment in the Army of the Potomac, which was in camp on the river Rapahannock in Virginia.

In the very first days, after coming to our Regiment, I became fully aware that the hardships from my ignorance of the English language were but really in the beginning, as to my experience at the Fort Trumbull. Although I was assigned to a Company which contained many Germans, and was commanded by Captain Ilges, a German from Prussia (a very kind man and a splendid soldier, who served during the whole time of the war in the field, participated in more than eighty battles and engagements, and was afterwards promoted to Colonelcy in the Regular Army); but, at every turn and at every

step and action I needed the language that I did not possess. And this fact caused me to feel but too keenly and deeply the misery of my almost helpless condition.

Knowing but too well how severe and inexorable the military laws are, even in time of peace, but incomparably more so in time of war—and especially in the field before the enemy—my ignorance of English stood constantly like a specter before my mental eyes, causing me to feel like being constantly in hot water through fear of possible falling into a serious blunder or mistake through misunderstanding of orders given to me in English. And, till the very present day, it is to me like a great miracle that the time passed on, and I was, at least comparatively, able to perform all my duties—as good as I could and understood—in spite of such horrible drawbacks as I had on account of English language. And I cannot but openly confess and acknowledge that it is only the Blessed Saviour of mankind, in whom I always believed, and whose gospel teachings I strived to obey as far as I understood them, and as far as it was possible for me to do so; He is it that carried me through all those horrible difficulties which I had to encounter every day and hour, and which, to describe, I am utterly unable. But, as an example, I will here present one very grave and highly responsible position, into which I was compelled to plunge in, the very first time after coming to the theater of hostilities.

Shortly after my arrival, the Army of the Potomac received the orders to strike the tents and break up the camp, and be ready for march at a moment's notice; and the very same day the whole Army was in moving, where to we did not know. After a whole day's marching—and a brisk, too—about nine o'clock, evening, we made a halt for night's rest, and the orders were given to pitch the tents. But, as soon as the tents were about finished, there came an order for our regiment to go on picket duty, and the tents had to be torn

down and packed up to the knapsacks in post haste; and in less than fifteen minutes we were marching on again, extending the picket line around our Division (2d Div. 5th Army Corps). Now, every man acquainted with military service knows full well that by drawing out a picket line, for every three separate sentinels one non-commissioned officer (Sergeant or Corporal) is given, who takes the charge over the respective three posts; and all men are taken always from the last files, or from extreme tail of the column. And, as the picket column moves onward, and the last men are constantly falling out for taking their posts in the picket line, the column itself grows gradually smaller and smaller.

Now, I was in the very first file of the column, and marched just behind the horse of the field-officer who extended the picket line. Moving slowly forward, we began dimly to discern, not far off, a large farmhouse with lights in some windows, and then came the order to "halt." After bringing the musket to the foot, the field officer began to give orders and arrangements in a low and suppressed voice, the meaning and contents of which I could not in the least understand; and after that he called for non-commissioned officers to step out of the ranks and advance to him. He called several times, but none came forward, and upon his inquiry—if there were no sergeants or corporals in the rear—the answer came from some one that there were none at all.

On my left side marched with me a Pennsylvanian German, who translated to me in a low voice what the picket-commander spoke, and that there were no other non-commissioned officers present besides me. Therefore, I stepped out the ranks a few steps toward the officer's horse and saluted the commander. As it was a very cloudy and dark night he stooped down in his saddle to see my face (probably wondering that I did not step out at once after his calling for, or that I did not speak a word). But, recognizing me, he exclaimed,



"Is that you, Corporal?" to which I answered, "Yes, sir." (The very one answer I was able to give on any and every occasion, without knowing or being sure that the answer is correct or incorrect.) Upon that he asked again if there were no other non-commissioned officers, and received the answer that there were none. So he scratched his head behind and began to give me his orders. Now, to this time of my being in the service I began to understand a few words or sentences, if they were told to me slowly and clearly, but could not, by any means, reply, or express myself when I did not understand. Knowing my ignorance in English, he was thoughtful enough to speak to me very slowly, and as clearly, I suppose, as he could; but, nevertheless, I surely succeeded to grasp and understand not more, if not less, than one word out of ten. As he knew me (although I could not recognize him or remember having seen him before), and as I was dumb like an oyster, he called for some man to come out who could speak any other language besides English; and there came forward that Pennsylvanian who marched with me in our ranks, and he translated to me in German the orders of the commander, which were: That the remaining men shall constitute the picket reserve, and I shall take charge of them, take them to a place which he pointed out to me in the direction to the farmhouse, count them up, and keep them together till further orders. And especially be in vigilant lookout, and be in constant readiness for action, as the scouts reported that certain bands of rebel-guerrillas are prowling around.

So, taking the men to the assigned place, and forming them into line, I found the squad to be of forty-eight men; and, with the exception of four men, all could not understand any other language besides English. Three could understand German and one French, but being from Canada his French I could not understand. Now, just in the progress of counting the men, there came a fearful rainstorm, a rain that only a

Virginia cloud can furnish. So, in haste, giving, through my Pennsylvania friend translator, the necessary orders to keep together and not to take off the knapsacks or accoutrements (as, at any moment, we may be ordered to fall in), but seek shelter from rain, as good as they could, under trees and bushes, and be especially careful to preserve the loaded muskets and ammunition in cartridge boxes from becoming wet, and to keep and remain all together, I broke the ranks, keeping the translator close by me for any emergency. After twelve o'clock the clouds began to break asunder, and there came a glorious full moon to cheer us up. Shortly after came the field officer to see us; and, among other things, ordered to detail three men from my squad to be placed as sentinels around the farmhouse, where was the headquarters (division or brigade, I cannot remember), saying that it was again reported that rebel guerrilla bands are marauding around. As I had heard before his coming some horses' tramps not very far from our hiding-place, and shortly afterwards some firing from different points of our picket-line, I reported that to the officer through the translator. And then, picking out the first-at-hand three men, I made ready to execute his orders; but he, seeing my difficulty and inability to give any instruction to the sentinels, and probably to be more sure for himself, took the men with himself, telling me to remain with the reserve, and keep sharp lookout for the guerrillas, and especially, if anything suspicious or extraordinary happens, to send a report about it instantly to him at the headquarters. But, to our good luck, the rest of the night passed peaceably and quietly. And if any man of the whole of our picket line greeted the first break of dawn on that morning with a deep sense of relief from fear and helplessness it surely was the commander in charge of the picket reserve. The experience of a man in such a condition can never be described or imparted by means of words to others; it is known and can be understood only by such as have been in

similar conditions themselves. I ask the reader to consider for a moment the following items:

There were guerrilla parties lurking around, and in dangerously close proximity. Now, if any of these guerrilla troops should find out our hiding-place, and make a charge upon us it would be an easy task for them to capture not only all of us, but probably the headquarters itself, if they could bring up a sufficiently strong force. Then, in any such emergency I would be utterly incapable to bring the men under my charge to any defensible purpose, as I was unable to give any command, or to make any dispositions necessary in such emergency; and this on account of mine ignorance of English, as to do this by means of an interpreter or translator in such a moment would be worse than useless. But the Lord, Saviour of mankind, was the shield of protection; and the night passed without any greater difficulty for me than the above described. And the next morning we took in the picket line and proceeded further. Such difficulties, although not in equally dangerous responsibility, repeated themselves continually all the time, and every time when I was obliged to perform duty on guard, or on any other detailed service.

This perplexing helplessness worked upon me to such an extent that I gradually lost the possibility to sleep; and it came so far that I could not sleep and rest throughout the whole of even one single night; but the most nights I was compelled to pass without sleeping at all, constantly trying to remember more and more words of the English language which I heard before; and also my helpless condition was constantly before my mental eyes. The idea of falling into a serious scrape through misunderstanding of received orders from mine superiors, or through my ignorance of the language wrongly transmitting the received orders to the sentinels placed by me on their posts—that is, of giving them orders erroneously understood by me, and in such a way as may lead them to perform their duty

contrary to the orders of superior officers, and thereby draw upon myself a case which may be interpreted far worse than error of ignorance: this idea and fear of consequences haunted me day and night, and it culminated in my losing sleep altogether. So that the most nights I was compelled to lay awake all night, tossing myself from one side to the other.

The sleeplessness and almost entire absence of mental rest—hence, deprivation of physical rest—drew upon me gravest consequences. I must state here that some time after the battle of Gettysburg, on our return march from Pennsylvania to Virginia, I was detailed into the Provost Guard of the Second Division, Fifth Army Corps, commanded by General Ayers, and the commander of which guard became Captain Carpenter of our regiment, who knew me well. As in the Provost Guard non-commissioned officers were but very few, I had to be on guard once in every three days, and often every other day. For any other man, who knew the English language, such service would be easy and light enough; but for me it was the more hard, as it constantly required the use of that language which I did not possess; and in the whole number of men in the Provost Guard there was but one man who could speak German; but such German as to understand him it was for me almost still harder than to understand English; and there was none that could understand French. In this guard I remained the whole winter till the last days of April, 1864. Besides the regular guard duty around the headquarters, on every stormy night we had to throw around our camp an extra picket guard, as there was always some danger of being attacked by rebel guerrillas. And this came always when there was a heavy snowstorm. This augmented my misery very much, as, being on such duty, with several men under my charge, I had to place them on their posts, give them proper instruction, and that in a whisper; and, besides all these, every night there came cavalry patrols and different scouts close by our camp,

and on stormy nights more frequently than usual. At the approach of every such party I had to challenge them, to order them to halt, and to give the countersign, in order to ascertain if they were friends or enemies. On every such occasion I was asked to give much different information, as to: How long since and in which direction the last patrol or scout party had passed by us? The precise location of our headquarters. The approximate distance to the nearest regimental camp. And about the directions of different roads through the woods, etc., etc. Not to one single question was I able to give answer; and there were sometimes laughable as well as pitiable episodes at such difficult encounters. And it must be remembered that all this had to be gone through in a blinding snowstorm, and often in knee-deep drifting snow, and in darkness which prevented to recognize even the dress of the inquirer; and still less was it possible to see anything of the face of him. And almost at every such visit and conversation, starting further on their duty, they conversed and laughed among themselves; no doubt but at the expense of him from whom they received so much (?) valuable information.

Laboring under these terribly hard odds and drawbacks, and having almost no rest at all—because if not on guard, or any other duty, I could not sleep either in the day-time nor at the night-time, as I have stated above—my constitution began to break down. And the first evidence of my constitutional disorders manifested itself in my stomach and bowels, which became so disordered that the movements of the bowels were performed but once in several days; in fact, it came so far as to be but once in a week or six days. And this caused me to suffer great pain in stomach and bowels, as also heaviness and dullness in the head and general weakness in the whole body, shortly after which there followed excruciating cramps in stomach and bowels, and so severe that it was often almost im-

possible for me to stand the wearing of the belt with the cartridge-box attached. At the beginning of these troubles I visited the doctor a few times and received some medicines, which, however, did not give me much relief; but as the cramps came upon me oftener—every other day, and often every day—and as I was unable to explain my troubles for the doctor sufficiently to understand, I ceased to go to the doctor, in order not to give any suspicion that I was trying to shirk the performance of my duty, and left myself to the mercies of my Creator to effect the restoration of my constitution by means of my nature itself.

Some time after these troubles began, it appeared to me occasionally that intermittently I lost my sound memory; that is, it seemed to me that sometimes I became entirely unconscious or oblivious to any and everything of my surroundings. At least I was unable to remember and give to myself a proper account of a certain lapse of time just past. And this fact became the more apparent to me in the early spring of 1864, when we were with the headquarters, moving from one place to another, as I always very easily became heated and profusely perspired. So, starting from the place of our night camp, subsequently during our march I often lost my memory to such an extent that, stopping in the next place—after recovering my proper consciousness—I was utterly unable to give an account to my own self, how long we marched where we passed, and what were the objects observable on the line of our marching. The consciousness returned to me always only when we had made a halt for rest, and after I had sufficient time to be cooled off and stop the excessive perspiration. Then, all at once becoming conscious where about we were, and who were around me; then calling into memory the last place of our stopping, the time of our starting on the march, and for some distance the road, and some more conspicuous objects passed by us on the march; and then, all at



once, all became blank to my memory, and, for my life, I could not remember where we passed and where we marched. But, by my watch it was obvious that we were several hours moving. But the most strange thing for me was the fact that not one of my comrades who were with me on the Provost Guard duty at that time have ever made any allusion to me that I conducted myself during these times of my mental absentness in any way strange, uncommon, or irrational. And many a time I was on guard duty during our march, when I had the charge not only over the guard detail, but had to look after thirty, sometimes over forty, prisoners, many of whom were under heavy charges and sentences; but never came anything unusual. Just one instance: After a few hours of marching and some time of resting, becoming at once conscious and accountable, I found myself lying under a tree with my knapsack under mine head, and several others of my comrades of the guard lying and resting around the same tree in like manner as myself. Not knowing how long we were there, I asked the nearest man how long we were resting. He looked at his watch, and answered, "About half an hour," adding, with some sarcasm: "Well, you were not asleep, and ought to know without asking how long we were here resting." Hence, taking out my watch, I saw that, from the time of our starting from the last place of our rest, nearly four hours elapsed, the most of which time I was utterly unable to account for, or remember any object we had passed on the road, till I, as it were, awoke under the tree as above stated. So it continued and repeated itself every day, when the headquarters were moved from one place to another.

In the last days of April, 1864, the division Provost Guard, which was composed of details from all the regiments of regulars in that division, was relieved by details from the regiments of volunteers, and we were ordered to return to our respective regiments and report ourselves to our nearest

commanders. So, rejoining our regiment, I reported myself to mine company commander, Captain Ilges (afterwards Colonel U. S. Army). As Captain Ilges was a German (as was stated before in these depositions), and I could converse with him in full mutual understanding of one another, so I concluded that I will wait a few days and see if my mental derangements will continue as before; then I will reveal it to him, and ask him to communicate and explain all I knew about my condition to our regimental doctor, and ask the doctor either for medicine or advice in my troubles. But as far as I can remember, the very next day after my return to the regiment came the general order to break up the camp and be ready for march at once. Now, as at every breaking up of the camp and preparing for march, every one had more to do than he possibly could attend to, and the commanding officers still more than any other person, there was no time, neither opportunity, to inform Captain Ilges, my company commander, about my troubles. And, in fact, I never told any one about my mental troubles and physical ailments of that time, except once to Captain Ilges, when he came to Fort Trumbull for a few days after the battle of the Weldon Railroad, at which battle he received some injuries. And, being in Fort Trumbull, he came over into the hospital to see me and other wounded men of his company, at which time mine arm was already amputated for some time; but, being very feeble and very nervous, I could tell him but very little, as I could call to memory but very few instances. And besides that, I was forbidden by the Post-Surgeon, Dr. Porter, to talk much; and, except this instance, I never told anybody about my mental troubles and condition.

After the breaking of the camp and starting on the march, I soon perceived that my mental troubles were increasing. The pain and cramps in stomach and bowels came not so often, especially being on the march; but instead of that, very bad



pain in the head, and then the loss of memory and the utter temporal unaccountability became aggravated, at times so much so that the most time I was like in a trance, or in some kind of somnambulism, not being able at such times to account rationally, or remember where I was and what I had been doing. Some moments, or short spaces of time, I could remember everything as vividly as any other man; but this occurred at intervals and of short duration, the bulk of time being blank and unaccountable. So, after starting on the march the first day after breaking-up camp, I soon lost my mental faculties, and do not know utterly how long and where about we marched, when we stopped to rest, and how I passed the night. And not only that, but even the next morning I could not remember afterwards how I rose from sleep and what I had done; and my consciousness came back to me, and just as if I were awakened from a sound sleep, or restored from a trance, suddenly, and just at the very moment when, having boiled my coffee for breakfast with other soldiers; and how I have done that I don't know anything about it either. I carried my coffee-pot, suspended upon a stick, to my place of night's resting, and passed a group of officers, among whom was Captain Ilges, and who, looking at me, was talking to the other officers; and, as it appeared to me, he was talking about me. Now, as I was unaccountable nearly the whole previous day and the whole of last night, too (as I have just stated above), this event was for me very vexing. I could not remember what I had done the day previous and the last night, and the conversation of the officers, seemingly about me, gave me a suspicion that probably I had done something wrong, irrational, or foolish. And still more strange, besides Captain Ilges, I did not recognize one single other officer, although they all seemingly belonged to our regiment. After this I cannot remember clearly and positively how long we remained on that spot; neither can I remember the time and circumstances

when we started again on march, but became fully aware of it when we were marching. Shortly after I became unconscious again, and don't know at all how long we moved, but regained my consciousness at the very time when we were forming into line of battle, which was about noon, and a very hot day, too, as I was wet throughout from perspiration. Now, as I look upon all that at the present time, it appears to me that somebody—and very reasonably—may ask why I did not report to my commanding officer and the regimental doctors, my troubles and incompetent condition? And especially at such a time, when it could result in great disasters. I answer as it appeared to me at that time. I never was told that I had done anything wrong when I was in absent mindedness, but seemingly I acted always as rational as any other person; hence, I never was in apprehension that I would commit something wrong. And the other cause of my silence was that to report my troubles at such a time, and when every man was highly needed in the ranks—and such troubles, which neither could I prove, nor could the doctor or any one detect—would be most likely taken as a deceit and a subterfuge to get out of the ranks and out of the dangers of war; and, therefore, I kept silence. I remember tolerably well how we formed our regiment into line, and how we started in battle-line through very thick underbrush, which retarded very badly the advance of the troops; especially so as this thick brush was full of wild vines, which extended and intertwined the bushes together like a net. I remember, also, that the command was given, and we started in double-quick step, which was almost impossible to perform, as the vine cords prevented keeping the line unbroken. And at the start I found myself entangled and almost strangled by some of those vine cords or strings. As I was running, as all others did, some of these vine cords chanced to come around my neck, and through my rapid moving forward they formed themselves into a perfect noose,

so that I was not only stopped in my run, but was violently jerked back. Being in a condition that utterly prevented my moving forward, I began to extricate and disentangle myself out of the meshes as rapidly as it was possible for me, having in mine hands gun, with the bayonet fixed on it, and not one soul to help me.

This caused me to remain a considerable space behind the line; but as soon as I had disentangled myself out of these meshes, and was able to move forward, I started with all my might to run after the battle line in order to overtake it, and regain my place in it. Running through that brushy thicket as fast as it was possible for me, I naturally became so heated that the perspiration ran down my body as water. In a few minutes later I came out of that thicket upon a large field, and saw our line of battle in considerable distance ahead of me. So I used all my strength to catch up to it, and began to run after it with all my might. Now, as it was a hot day, and I perspired but too profusely even being in comparatively shady woods, so, coming into the open field, with the sun's rays mercilessly striking upon me, and with increased exertions to catch up to the line, and having musket in the hands, and heavy load upon my back in the form of a knapsack and contents, in the very first seconds of that run I became utterly exhausted; and, having lost again my consciousness and accountability, from this moment I was utterly oblivious—where I was, what I had done, how I had been wounded, how long I was in that Battle of the Wilderness, and how I came out of that fight. In one word: It was, and is till now, for me utterly impossible to give any account of that time, if even my physical life was dependent on that. I could then and can now remember, and very distinctly, that there was a very great noise and confusion; that I saw a multitude of people running in all directions, and apparently without any aim and knowledge what they were doing, or what had to be done. But all this

appeared to me then, as now, like a dream of a man in delirium of fever, in which condition I was once in my boyhood; and the strange hallucinations of that time of my sickness I remember till now very vividly, although it happened with me nearly fifty years ago. But here, besides or except this great noise and confusion, I cannot remember any other circumstances which happened around me and with me, and do not know at all how and when I was wounded; neither do I know how and when I came out and off the field of battle.

This occurred in the Battle of the Wilderness, Virginia, on the 4th day of May, 1864. At the first time of regaining my senses I found myself lying under a large tree in the woods, having my knapsack under mine head, and the belt, with the cartridge-box, unbuckled, which work I myself in no ways could perform on account of one arm being shot through and rendered useless; but who unbuckled my knapsack and belt I do not know at all. Remaining conscious but a few minutes, during which time I heard heavy and deafening fire of cannon and musketry, and that at a near distance from me, I dropped again into oblivion, and how long it continued I cannot tell; but the senses returned to me in the very minute when two men with stretchers were passing by at a short distance, going towards the sound of battle noise. They would have passed me unnoticed, but I called to them; and, having come to me, they lifted me up, put me upon the stretcher, and proceeded to carry me farther.

At this time I lost my senses again, and regained them towards the evening, when the sun was already under the horizon. At this time I found myself lying on a clear field among many hundreds of other wounded men; and the first thing my eyes beheld and the mind grasped was that one officer of our regiment, a captain, by the name Osborn, or Osborne (I don't know exactly), was going with a doctor between the rows of the wounded, dying and dead scattered around me. Chancing

to see me, he turned towards the place where I was; and with the words (as far as I can recollect), "Corporal, you are here, too," he inquired whereabouts I was wounded; but, not being able to explain myself, I pointed out with my right hand to the wounded left arm. He kneeled at my side and tried to take off my overcoat, which I had on. But, not being able to do this, he got up and went to the doctor; and, after a few words to the doctor, pointing with his hand towards me, he returned to me with the doctor.

All this I distinctly understood and remembered afterwards, and do vividly recollect to the present day; and if that Captain Osborn, or Osborne, is yet living, or even that doctor (whose name I never heard) is yet among the living, and any one of them should chance to read these "Depositions," they will probably remember it too. But just at the very moment when they were standing near me, and the doctor began to examine the sleeve of my coat to see whereabouts the arm was shot, I dropped into unconsciousness again, and do not know at all how or when my arm was dressed, and how I was removed into a hospital tent, where I found myself, among many others, at the next return of my senses; and this time it was already night and quite dark; but in a few miles' distance the fire of musketry and cannon went on as lively as during the day; and my arm was dressed, being taken out of the overcoat sleeve, of which work I was utterly oblivious. This time the consciousness remained but a few moments.

At the next return of the senses it was about midnight, or past twelve o'clock, and I found myself lying under another man, who threw himself across my body. I pushed and tried to awaken him, but to no avail, because I found him to be insensible. After, with great difficulty, I extricated myself by crawling from under his body; and, examining him as far as it was possible by the light of the moon, I found him to be a sergeant of a Zouave regiment, very young and very hand-

some, but already dead for some hours apparently, because his limbs were cold and already stiff; and he, undoubtedly, in the mortal agony had thrown himself across me, of which I was not in the least aware, and saw it only then when my senses returned, and when he was dead already for some hours.

After this I remember remaining for some days (how many days I do not know, as the most time I was unconscious—at least unaccountable to my own self) in that field hospital. Then, I remember that all of us that were able to travel were sent further to the rear. And so I started, in the company of several hundred men wounded and sick, as others told, towards Fredericksburg. We passed that city, also Chancellorsville, and some other minor places, all in ruin and desolation. As among the wounded in our squad there were many who could speak German, and a few who could speak some other languages, I had comparatively very little difficulty on account of my ignorance of English; but I was the most time only half conscious, and often unconscious entirely, but never heard from any man that I acted in some way or another strangely or irrationally. And on that account, although we stopped in several cities on the road of our travel, and in some places we were located in hospitals, but how long we were in any place I cannot tell; I can recollect only this circumstance, that during our ride in railroad cars from Philadelphia to New York city—which ride was very fast, and the track in a very bad condition, as it caused often the passengers to jump high up from the bench in consequence of the jumping of the cars—I became aware that the pain in my wounded arm, which was shot exactly through the elbow socket or joint, began all at once to increase very rapidly. And, as it was ascertained afterwards that the bone was split in several pieces, I presume that through the great jerking and jumping of the cars the split bone fell asunder, and in consequence of that the increase of inflammation and pain ensued. I can only remember that we



came to New York city, but in no way can I say how long we remained in that city; neither can I remember how we passed the time in New York; nor can I recollect anything how we came from New York to New London, Conn.; I don't know at all, if we came by a steamboat or by rail. But I became fully conscious, and remember till now the time when we arrived at Fort Trumbull, and were welcomed by the post chaplain, the good and saintly Rev. Dr. Hurlbut. (I am not sure that this name is written correctly.)

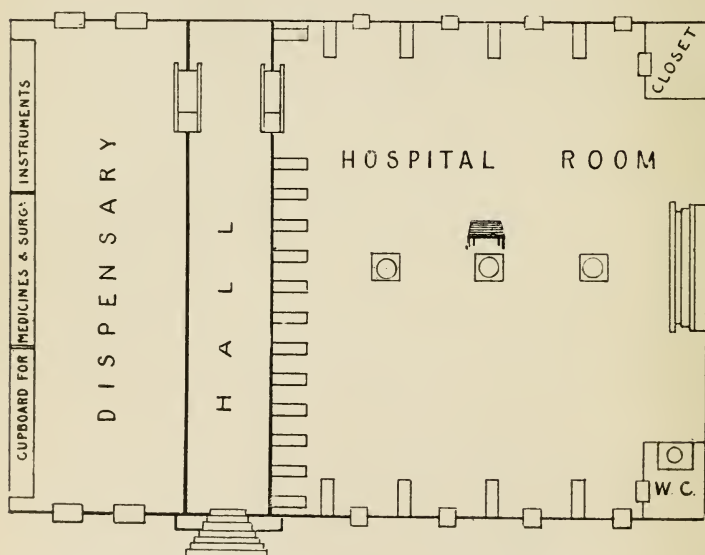
In Fort Trumbull my physical and mental condition did not improve, but rather grew worse.\* The pain in the wounded arm increased daily and hourly on account of a large boil which appeared just above the place where the bones were cracked and parted asunder, and on the upper part of the forearm; I suppose it came from the accumulation of matter in the wound and in the place where the split bones separated. And the mental condition was so much deranged that I was really conscious about myself and the surroundings only at intervals, and then but for a very short duration at a time. Therefore, I cannot conscientiously mention or describe anything that happened with me at that time, and can remember but the time when I was transferred from the barracks to the hospital.

In this hospital of Fort Trumbull, Conn., I beheld the greatest and the sublimest vision, which I will undertake to describe presently, as far and as clear as my inadequate knowledge of English will enable me to do. But, to understand better all particulars, for those who never have been in Fort Trumbull, Conn., and, consequently, do not know the inner construction of that hospital, I will describe the arrangements of that building as far as I am able to recollect, adding the following rough diagram of the building:

The outer walls were of rock-stone, plastered inside and whitewashed; the building consisted of one story, with a base-



ment for a kitchen, dining-room, and quarters for the attendants. The entrance to the building was by a few steps to a veranda, and then into a narrow hall or corridor, which divided the building into two parts. On the left side from the entrance was the dispensary—a large room, with two large windows on the right and left hand sides from the door; and the whole wall opposite the door was covered with a large cupboard or case, with glass doors, for keeping medicines, instruments,



hospital necessities, etc. On the right hand side of the entrance hall, just opposite to the door into the dispensary, was another door for the entrance into the ward or hospital proper. This room was in width not less than three times as large as the dispensary room, but of the same length. Opposite the entrance to that room was an open fireplace in the middle, and two closets in the corners of that wall; and on both sides,

right and left, were several windows, in the intervals of which were the couches. In the middle of the room, lengthwise, was a row of wooden columns for the support of the ceiling; and close to one of them were standing an ordinary little table and a chair, where some of the inmates of the hospital that were able to leave their beds sometimes partook their meals or medicines. As the doors of the hospital room and the dispensary were just opposite each other, and near the outside wall, as shown in the diagram, and were most of the time standing full open: so, walking through the hospital room towards the dispensary, a man could see a part of the opposite wall, with the large glass-door case, where the medicaments and hospital books and instruments were kept; and, also, if going close to the columns, a man could see the wall with the two windows on the right-hand side of the dispensary room. This is all I am able to recollect about the inner arrangements of the hospital building. And I hope that this description, together with the diagram, will be sufficient for the proper understanding of all that which will be described presently about the vision.

During my stay in Fort Trumbull at this time, which was eight or nine months, I was nearly all the time—as it appears to me at the present time—in half sleep or some kind of a trance, and can but very faintly remember some incidents or events of my life there at that time; and can recollect clear enough but such circumstances and incidents that are, more or less, connected with—or have direct bearing upon—the “Visions” themselves, all of which I vividly remember and distinctly see with my mental eyes till the very present day. And besides that, I am pretty sure that I will retain them in memory till the last day of my life on earth. Therefore I will mention only that which I can well remember, and will describe but that in the correctness of which I am consciously sure that it happened.

## CHAPTER II.

Shortly after my arrival at Fort Trumbull I was compelled often to listen to conversation between other soldiers, and carried on in close proximity to me—although in some suppressed undertone or voice, but still loud enough to be distinctly heard by me, and seemingly for the principal purpose of my hearing it—that I am a rebel, a traitor, etc., and that I ought to be shot. And sometimes I was forced to hear that I will be court-martialled and shot. These and such like utterances and conversations I was subjected to hear nearly every day. It is easy for every rational reader of this to understand that such discourses about me among my comrade-soldiers in my presence but too much augmented my physical weakness and mental derangement, as I was utterly unconscious of having committed such a deed which would justify the infliction of the highest penalty of the law; and to be a rebel, a traitor, was for me as abhorrent and detestable as it ever could be for the most loyal born American. And solely for this purpose I have described at such length my resolution to go to America for the sole purpose of entering into the Northern army, and also my outright refusal to accept the advances of that agent of the Southern Confederacy offered to me and my comrade, Lieutenant Puffer, on the steamer coming over the ocean. I had no opportunity whatever to be such; but even if I had or would have any chance for such an action, I was constitutionally or conscientiously utterly incapable to commit such an act of treason.

But as I was often and so many times in the field, as also at the time of being in Fort Trumbull, semi-unconscious or unaccountable, it dawned upon me that, probably, some time being in such a condition, maybe I conducted myself or acted in such a way as could be interpreted or explained as treasonable. But if ever such act or conduct of mine was really committed by me, I am utterly unconscious of it; hence, cannot be made accountable and punishable for it, as it was done in the absence of sound senses and without rational intention. Further on it gave to me acutest moral pain that I did not know at all the particulars of the time when I was wounded. So the interval times when my consciousness and reason returned to me I was horribly perplexed about the times of my unaccountability. To cap all these perplexities, I was very often forced to converse with other soldiers in English, or give them answers to their questions in that language. But, as I knew the exact meaning of but very few English words, so the largest number of words that I used in expressing myself I utterly did not know the correct meaning of them, and used them only because I supposed them to mean that which I was desirous to express. But in this I made many and very grave mistakes. Many times it happened so that after having given to the inquirer my answers and explanations, I could perceive by his conduct at leaving me that he felt either insulted or disgusted by my answer. So, remembering closely the words I used in giving my answer to the inquirer, at the first opportunity I asked some one who knew good German and English what these words which seemingly offended my inquirer meant and implied, and, every time I had to find out that these words did not convey that which I desired to express. And very often they were radically contrary to that which I ought to say in answer to the question, and desired to say. (Under this last difficulty I am laboring even till the present time. although I am in this country over twenty-two

years, and have to use the English language every day. As not long since, an editor of a religious paper, to which I contributed some of my writings, told me that he cannot correctly understand my talk to him, and that I write and express myself far more correctly in writing than in speaking.)

Now, if I possessed sufficient knowledge of the English language so as to be able to understand intelligently everything that was said to me, and in return to give answers to questions and explanations to everything in such a clear and comprehensible way as to be readily and easily understood by the majority, if not by all, I would have presented my case to the proper authorities in the Fort; but for such an action I was utterly and positively incapable. Because not only was I unable to express myself correctly, but I was unable to understand what was told to me. And even in that which I seemingly understood, if it was an order from a superior officer, in carrying it out I never was sure that I had understood the words of the order-giver correctly, and carried out his orders accordingly and right. And to go and petition the authorities for investigation, and probably a formal and legal court martial, by means of an interpreter or translator, was for me entirely out of the question. Because, seeing every one around me to be ill-disposed against me, as the most of them were but too glad of finding opportunity to trouble, plague, and annoy me, I in no way could trust any one of them to act as a translator or interpreter in such an emergency for me. On the other hand, as I was in Fort Trumbull at that time even oftener, and for a longer duration at a time, unconscious or unaccountable as I was the last time of my being in the field, I was in great danger and dread of falling into that state or condition during my examination, and thereby making the circumstances far worse than they were before. All this compelled me to remain in a vexed and deplorable condition without any attempt whatever to extricate myself out of it, and I had to put all my

hope for deliverance into the hands of a Power which is mightier than all human agencies and means.

In this condition and under these circumstances I dragged my life, every day augmenting my misery by the increase of pain in my wounded arm; as also by my mental trouble and constant thinking about the calumny of being a rebel, a traitor, and what not, as it was described above. Now, all these combined, naturally worked to lower my physical and spiritual constitution; and, to all that, the intermittent and constant spells of my unaccountability helped me to grow weaker and feebler. To this time I was in the common barracks with some other sick and wounded men; but as I grew rapidly weaker and worse, I was, at last, transferred into the hospital, the diagram of which is given above.

Now, on one Sunday morning, shortly after my being transferred into the hospital building (as far as I can recollect it was the last days of June, or in the first part of July, 1864, and, as I write the present "Depositions" in July, 1886, so, just twenty-two years since), after a tolerably good night's rest, I got up blessed with unusual clear mental perceptions. And mostly all circumstances of that Sunday morning and forenoon impressed themselves upon my mind, and vividly remain in my memory till the very present day, although they happened over twenty-two years ago. After the usual Sunday inspection on that morning, between 10 and 11 o'clock A. M., feeling some increase of pain in my wounded arm, I began to walk up and down the whole length of the hospital room. The first time of my beginning to walk up and down I mentally repeated some prayers, but was distracted from this by the surroundings about me. Then I began to think about the war and the events occurring on the fields of conflict, waged between two political parts of one nation. Now, as in every internicine war—and especially in our war for the union of States—there were many and many families, which of the male



members one part served in the Union army and the other part of the same family served in the ranks of the Confederate army; so, as they were standing as enemies towards one another, as the case may be—father against his son and a son against his father, as also one brother against another, or more than one, and so forth. In such circumstances it is undeniable that, whether in skirmish line or in a pitched battle, all unknowingly, the father can become the slayer of his son, the son of his father; and one brother the slayer of another, and which events, probably, were more than a few.

Now, thinking over all these horrible circumstances, my mind was struck with the idea, What a terrible sin and crime, in the eyes of God, the nation, as a whole, is committing in this terribly cruel and utterly inexcusable war. Then came the thought that, as God is perfectly just, and all these things are against his will and revealed Commandments, there is but too much cause to believe that at some time in the future the whole nation will be compelled to expiate all the present sins and crimes in some other way. After this came to my mind mine own condition. The question pressed itself upon my mind as to, What have I done to deserve the name of a traitor? And what deed have I committed for which I deserve to be shot? My conscience was clear, and the heart was positive that I never in my whole life had committed such a crime which justified such a punishment. And, as to the service under the flag of the Union, I never had in my mind even the faintest possibility of committing a treasonable act, and still less have knowingly committed any such crime. But, then, what is the cause and reason that I am compelled constantly to hear that I am a rebel, a traitor, etc., and will be shot?

Then all at once the following idea flashed across my mind: "What, if in the inscrutable ways of the just Providence a special sacrifice was necessary to expiate all the sins and crimes of the nation at large committed in this unjustifiable and cruel



war? And what if I was singled out to furnish this sacrifice?" To this question I instantly gave to myself a resolute and positive answer mentally. If I knew that this is the will and demand of the universal Creator and Ruler, and if I knew that thereby the war would be stopped, and the Union of States and the Republic itself would be preserved, I would unflinchingly submit to be shot, without any attempt to defend my innocence against any and every accusation brought against me.

Now, as it was said above, that the weather on that Sunday forenoon was beautifully clear and warm, and the sunrays, falling through the windows of the left hand side, were playing upon the floor and the wall of the right hand side of the dispensary-room, and, as I was walking up and down through the hospital room (as it is marked in the diagram), and was slightly swinging my wounded arm in consequence of increasing pain, so, each time, going towards the dispensary, I looked with some pleasure at the play of the sunrays on the floor and the wall of the dispensary room. And, as both doors in the dispensary-room and the hospital-room were full open, nearly the whole wall with the two windows on the righthand side of the dispensary were fully open to my view. Now, when the last above described questions flashed across my mind, being followed by my mental answer and resolution, I was walking towards the dispensary and looking at the fantastic displays of the sunrays on the right-side wall of the dispensary, and was just nearing that little table and chair marked on the diagram. In the very moment, as the above described resolution flashed across my mind, far quicker than the fall of lightning, the two windows disappeared, and the whole wall, from ceiling to floor, became at once covered with thick and heavy clouds, and in the middle of those clouds protruded a representation or figure of the Almighty Creator and Ruler of the universe. This sudden appearance was so majestic, sublime, and awe-producing that it

almost broke me down from my feet. But, as I, at the very moment of the appearance of that vision, was in close proximity to the little table and the chair, and, at the very moment of beholding it abruptly stopped in my walking; so grasping the back of the chair, I quickly sat down, and, dropping my wounded arm upon the table, I began to observe and examine closely all particulars of the sublime vision, which continued to remain before my sight nearly, if not more than, a whole minute. So long, indeed, that I was enabled to observe and retain in memory every particular in detail, and which, with the permission and help of my Creator and Saviour, I will undertake to describe here as plainly and distinctly as my inadequate knowledge of the English language will enable me. The clouds were white and very compact. Some of them were bordered or encircled with blue, gray, and a few with an almost black border, and all were in mountainous clumps, just as we see them sometimes after a heavy rain-storm, when the heavy wind changes, and, coming from the north, causes the clouds to ascend higher, and breaks them up by piling them up into mountains of more heavy and close compactness. Just so were these clouds extending themselves inside the dispensary more than three feet from the wall, and seemed to be slightly shaken as if a wind blew against them, or as if from any other force coming from inside the clouds themselves. In the very moment, as the wall and windows disappeared, and these clouds covered the whole wall from floor to ceiling, simultaneously, in the middle part of the clouds, and a little lower than half-way from the ceiling, appeared a human form of undescribed magnificence and grandeur, being more than twice the size of any ordinary human being of large proportions. This human form protruded out of the clouds into the room to the loins or waist. The arms were outstretched from both sides of the body and further inside the room, and appeared somelike as if flying. The head

and face were nearly round, the eyes wide open, large, and of heavenly blue color. The hair of the head and the beard very thick, long, and white like freshly fallen snow, and were flying backwards from the face, as if the head were flying with a mighty speed forwards, or as if a very strong wind or hurricane were blowing into the face. The face looked as a full representation of majesty; was beautiful far more than I ever have seen of any human being, and the eyes were slightly turned towards my side, but not as much as to look straight at me. The body and arms were clothed in scarlet tunic; and over the left shoulder, as if thrown, were visible some kind of a garment of a bright blue color; but what kind of garment was that I could not see and do not know. It looked somelike that as the Saviour is represented in some sacred paintings. As the beard was parted in the middle of the chin, flying backwards over both shoulders, so it exposed the neck under the chin, and thus enabled me to see that the scarlet tunic was circularly cut out around the neck, and I could clearly see also that this cut-out was edged or bordered with either a narrow gold band or a gold cord or string, which vividly glistened or sparkled from the sunrays falling into the room through the windows of the left-hand side, and which, probably, prevented me to distinguish the gold edgings—if they were of a band or a cord. The sleeves were wide at the wrist (some-time called Greek sleeves), and cut just like the sleeves of the cassock of the priests in the Greek church; that is, made from the shoulder down gradually broader and wider, till at the wrist the sleeve is about two feet wide. And the edges around the end of the sleeves, just as the edge around the neck, were bordered by a gold band or cord, which, as around the neck, glittered like diamonds from the sunrays. I could not discern any other garment under this "cassock," as also what kind of a garment that of the blue color was; it appeared to me only thrown over the left shoulder. This is all I had time to ex-

amine and observe positively; but these things which I have just described I saw clearly; and all of them impressed themselves upon my mind, and fixed themselves in my memory so permanently that I see all mentally as clearly and as vividly to the present day as if I saw them but a few days or weeks ago; and I feel nearly positive that I will see them throughout my whole remaining life on earth.

Now, as I was sitting at the table, and, with awful astonishment, observing this majestic and sublime vision in all particulars, all at once there appeared to my view Doctor Porter, and close behind him his assistant, the hospital Steward, Kellogg. And at the very moment, as the Doctor and Steward exposed themselves to my view, coming across the room from the left-hand side of the dispensary (which side of the room was not exposed to my view), and toward the sick room where I was, at that very moment the "vision" vanished, and the wall with the two windows reappeared to my sight. Now, just in the moment my eyes fell upon Doctor Porter and Steward Kellogg, and at which very moment the vision disappeared, I heard distinctly and clearly, as if whispered by a human being into my right ear, the following words in Russian language: "This is God-Father and God-Son!" Now, as beholding the sublime "vision," I was in awe and astonishment; so, by hearing the above words whispered into my right ear, my mind was nearly bewildered by astonishment and confusion. Because these words I heard whispered into my ear just at the very moment when the vision disappeared, and mine eyes rested on the persons of Doctor Porter and Steward Kellogg, it appeared to my mind at that time that the words heard by me, "This is God-Father and God-Son," referred to Doctor Porter and Steward Kellogg, as the former was an old man past seventy, and the latter a young man about twenty-five years of age. And this circumstance plunged my mind into utter confusion; and across my mind flashed the inquiry, What does it mean that

the Doctor and Steward seemingly represent "God-Father and God-Son"? But, in aftertimes, when I became convalescent, and my mind gradually became more steady and rational, often contemplating about this sublime vision and these words, I remembered the words spoken by our Saviour in answer to the Apostle Phillip, "I and mine Father are one." "Who sees me sees my Father." So, through these words of our Saviour I saw clearly, and became fully convinced, that the words heard by me, as whispered into my ear, were pronounced in reference to the vision; in the one human form of which vision were represented the twofold faculties and attributes of Jesus, or of his sovereignty; that is: God the Father as the Creator and Ruler of the Universe; and God the Son as the Saviour of the world and the human race, but both these attributes merging in one divine human form of Jesus Christ. And just here I wish to state the following: First—That at this time, when I was sitting at the table, and was observing the vision, there was not one single person less than twenty feet from me; but I heard the words whispered close to mine right ear; moreover, there was not one single person neither in the hospital nor in the fort itself at that time who could understand and speak Russian besides me; but the above words were whispered into my ear in the Russian language.

Hence, taking all these circumstances together, there is no question whatever that the words, "This is God-Father and God-Son," heard by me at that time, proceeded from entirely different sources than from ordinary means of human agency. In this I am perfectly positive. Second: There is no question whatever that the vision was not seen by the persons, or any one of them, who were in the dispensary at that time—at least the doctor, the steward, and the hospital nurse (if there were no outsiders at that time). But I saw it as clearly and distinctly as any material object can be seen by good eyes and in clear daylight; and for such long duration as to give me



ample time to observe and remember every particular of the vision. This question, "How can that possibly be accounted for that one man can see, and many others at the very same time wouldn't be able to see the same?" puzzled me very much every time, in many after years, when I contemplated or meditated about the described vision, till a few years since, beginning to read many works of spiritual philosophy by Emmanuel Swedenborg, I found the explanation of this mystery. Describing and explaining the mystery of our Saviour's appearance to the apostles and others after his resurrection, as it is ingrafted in his gospel of the New Testament, Emmanuel Swedenborg says that the Lord God and Saviour, by his omnipotent power, and for reasons known only to his own person, sometimes opens the spiritual sight of a man; and that man whose spiritual sight has thus been opened is enabled to see all spiritual things, which the Saviour will cause to present before man's natural eyes. Whereas, none of those whose spiritual sight has not been opened by the Saviour are able to see the same, as spiritual things can be discerned only spiritually (says the Apostle Paul); so no spiritual things can be seen with physical eyes if the spiritual sight of the individual is not opened by the Saviour for seeing the spiritual.

This explained to me the whole mystery that puzzled me a good deal and many years. And, third: As I have received a religious education, and was always—although very disobedient—a tolerably good believer in God and the teachings of the church (as far as I knew them), I remembered always in my prayers that there are three Persons in the Divine Trinity—God-Father, God-Son, and God-Holy Ghost. Now, in that above-described vision I saw one divine-human form, which contained in itself the two first persons, the Father and the Son (as I was informed by a whisper into my ear). But every time I meditated about the vision, and this was nearly every day since I became able to collect my mind so far as to

be able to think, I was giving to myself the following question: "I have seen the person of God-Father and God-Son, but the church teaches that these are two persons; whereas I saw them in one divine form of a man. Moreover, the church teaches that there is a third person, God—Holy Ghost. Will I ever see and understand the third person of the Holy and Divine Trinity? The solution of this question will be given further on in its proper place, as it came to me in an incomprehensible or undefinable way from above.

Now, as I was still sitting at that little table, bewildered with the awfulness of that described vision, and confused by the words I heard whispered into my ear, Dr. Porter came into the hospital room first, and, turning to the right from the entrance, he went around to speak to and examine the other sick and wounded; and his assistant, Stewart Kellogg, came in right after him, having a white cup like a teacup in his hand. He came towards me where I was sitting at the table, and came near to me with the words, "Corporal Petroff, your arm." He abruptly stopped to advance nearer, or to speak more, but with some wonder looked for a few moments into my face. And then, coming close to me, he, in a mild and sympathetic voice, asked me, "Do you feel very sick?" to which I answered, "I feel very great pain in the arm." But this was far from the real truth. As he, undoubtedly, saw in my face the reflection of the inner condition of mine mind, caused by the events just past, his inquiry, so to say, meant something like asking, "What is the cause of your bewilderment and the unnatural condition of your face?" So mine answer was only correct to his incorrect inquiry; but it settled the matter so far satisfactorily, as the next words of his were, "Let me see your arm." And with these words he proceeded to take off the bandages. When he uncovered the wounded arm he first looked for a moment at it; then he poured upon the largest wound, which formed itself on the upper part of the forearm,



and just above the place where the bones, being split, fell asunder, some kind of a liquid, which he brought from the dispensary in that teacup. This was for me, so to say, to jump out of the fire into flame. In the very moment, as he had thrown quickly and suddenly that liquid upon the wound, which was more than two inches large in diameter, there came from the wound some kind of a tsish—something like that produced by lard or butter thrown upon hot iron, and also a little like smoke and bad odor. But more than all that, in the very moment after I had seen that which is here stated, it went throughout my whole system like the strongest electric current, which caused me nearly to faint away; and the pain in the arm became utterly indescribable. So much it was so that this pain, all at once, caused me that moment to forget the vision and all the circumstances attendant to it. And, after he had rebandaged it, I utterly didn't know what I should do to stand the pain; I could not rest in one place even a minute's time, but had to run violently around the whole hospital room, swinging my arm in every possible way. And I do honestly believe and think that only the thought about that sublime vision which I beheld that morning, and the words which I heard whispered into my ear, were the most powerful means by which my life was sustained. But even this was not of a long duration. I remember only, and that distinctly, that the same afternoon my senses began to be unsteady and wandering, and toward the evening, before the sunset, I lost all control of my mind and senses, and that so completely that I positively do not know was I alive or not; neither do I know in the least how many days I was in that condition. But I am sure that it lasted for many days, because I could remember afterwards, and do recollect even until now, that I had several different visions during that time. But as my senses were shattered and broken, these visions appear to me as undefined dreams, or hallucinations of feverish

brains in "delirium tremens." So, as I am not positively sure, and am unable to describe them clearly, I will not state them.

But I will describe here a few episodes or events at times when I at once regained my senses, and as suddenly lost them entirely again. In the first instance—and I do not know at all how soon it happened after my total loss of senses on that Sunday afternoon—I found myself standing outside the hospital, and near me the hospital nurse, Phelps, holding me by the right arm. As soon as I recovered my senses, and became conscious of the surroundings, and whereabout I was, I looked at myself and became aware that I had on my body hospital nightclothes only—long shirt and drawers, and boots on my feet, but nothing else whatever. Then, as soon as my senses grasped the situation, I heard this question from the nurse, Phelps, and could understand it clearly. He said, "Where do you go?" To which I answered, "I go home." Now, I remember this clearly till now, although I cannot remember one single instance of having been told about this occurrence by any man whatever; and as I am not perfectly sure in the correctness of the description of it, I appeal to any one and all who were at that time in Fort Trumbull, and are among the living now, to corroborate it if correct, or correct it if erroneous; but, according to my recollection, I describe it as a real occurrence. And, just in the moment I had given the above-mentioned answer to Phelps, my mind broke up again; and I do not know at all how I came back into the hospital-room; neither do I know in the least what happened afterwards. The next time my senses returned to me at the very time when I was being carried, together with the couch I was lying upon, through the yard or space between the hospital building and the guard-house building, close to which building was standing another two-story frame house into which several wounded men were removed from the hospital. But on this occasion the re-

turn of my senses was of such short duration that I could afterwards, and can now, remember only my being carried upon my bed through the yard, and saw the building whereto I was carried, but do not know at all how the carriers managed and succeeded in carrying me into the second story of that building up very narrow stairs. The next time when my senses returned I saw Dr. Porter busy around me, measuring, or taking measure, of the upper part of my wounded arm; and it seems to me he had spoken something to me, or to all of us who were in that room—I don't know, because I did not understand his words—then I fell again into my trance, and positively do not know at all how many days I was in that building. Then my senses returned to me just at that time when I was walking on foot through the same yard from that frame building towards the hospital building, with Hospital Nurse Phelps holding me under my right arm. And I was so far conscious of all that it struck me as improper and nude, as I was clothed only in hospital bed-clothes, and wrapped around in a bed-sheet, having only boots on; so it appeared to me that I ought to put on at least an overcoat for the sake of decency; but I cannot remember as to having made any remark on that.

Then I remember when I came into the dispensary. As it was the first time after having seen in that room the above-described vision that I came into the dispensary, that room appeared to me strangely. I remember having found there several persons, but cannot recollect them personally, except Doctor Porter, who spoke some words to me very kindly and friendly, but I could not understand what he said; and close to him I saw his assistant, Hospital Steward Kellogg; and also a musician from the artillery band, a German by the name of Keller, who said to me in German that I must lie down on a large table, temporarily placed in the middle of the dispensary, and be covered with a bed-sheet, and adding that my arm had to be amputated. So I stretched myself upon that table, and

by Steward Kellogg was given chloroform to inhale, which was anything but agreeable to smell; but soon my senses were numbed, I became unconscious, and the operation began. I distinctly remember till the present day that I regained my senses during the operation, and just at that time when Doctor Porter was sawing through the bone, but did not feel any pain whatever; but, turning my face to the left side, I stared at the work with curiosity and some kind of satisfaction; then Steward Kellogg, who stood at the other side of the table, put his hand before my eyes; and I remember that after he had done so I lifted my right hand and pushed his hand away, saying, "I want to look at that." But after a few seconds, beginning to feel some pain, I asked him to give me more chloroform, which he did; then, becoming again unconscious, I remained so till everything was finished, and I became minus one limb. Then, becoming conscious again, and seeing that all is finished, I made an attempt to raise myself from the table, with the intention to walk into the hospital room, but the Doctor peremptorily prevented me from doing so; and I was lifted up and carried into the hospital room by two stout men. So far I remember the different circumstances and events of that time, but not much further.

Then, from that time, my life in Fort Trumbull appears to me more like a dream than reality, as it is not continuous at all, but rather broken in fragments, as it was the last months of my life in the field; it appears to me only that my unaccountable condition extended into far longer duration at a time, than it was in the field; and the intervals, when the senses became active and rational, were of shorter time than in the field. So, to describe that time conscientiously and as a truth, I am utterly incapable. Hence, I will describe only such events of which I am positively sure that they occurred, and in such a way as they were preserved in my memory.

Several months after my arm was amputated (I do not

know how many, but it seems to me that it was early in the spring of 1865, or in the last part of 1864), I was transferred, with many other convalescent, wounded and sick soldiers, into one room of the officers' apartments in one of the bastions of the fort proper. It was a large room, with a very high ceiling, having several windows towards the east. I do not remember how many of us occupied that room, but think not less than eighteen or twenty; and I remember that I occupied a bunk together with Corporal Ford of the same company with me, who was shot through the hand. Our bunk was standing with the headboard towards the wall in which the windows were; hence, being in it, I was with my head eastward, and the feet westward; and, when the weather was clear, as soon as the sun began to appear above the horizon, the sunrays immediately struck the windows and penetrated into our room. Fort Trumbull stands on a high cliff-bank, having upon the east and south a broad sheet of water. In this room I staid, with many others, for several months, till I was able to be about.

Now, as is natural, becoming more and more convalescent, and being compelled to keep my bed only on account of the arm, as the stump healed up but very slowly and gradually, I often woke up very early in the mornings, and, not wishing to sleep more, I passed the time by observing the play of the sunrays on the ceiling and the opposite western wall. So it was that on a morning of February or March, 1865—I cannot remember the month nor the day, as I did not keep a memorandum, but I am perfectly sure that it was in the first months of 1865—having woke up about or between four and five o'clock in the morning, I found the morning to be very clear and beautiful, and the sunrays were displaying the most interesting things and figures on the ceiling and the western wall of the room. All other occupants of the room, and my bunk-comrade Ford, too, were sound asleep, as from no one came any sign of being awake. So, looking at the playthings



of the sunrays, and listening to the different melodies of snoring from all parts of the room, and lying on my back for some time, I began to think about my poor condition, asking myself mentally, "What shall I do on leaving the hospital?" I have now but one arm, and cannot be of any amount of use in the army. If I knew the English language I could perform some duty as a clerk in some of the military offices, but I am utterly incompetent—on account of the language—to perform such service. And, on the other hand, if I apply for a discharge and go out of the army, what will I do then? The very same ignorance of English will block my way everywhere. "What shall I do?" This question forced itself upon my mind repeatedly, and several times, without enabling me to give a satisfactory answer. So, thinking and revolving in my mind the possibilities, as also the impediments lying in my way, I, all at once, was struck with something before my eyes, which at the first I supposed to be some kind of a shadow coming from an object, which may have happened to pass between the sun and the windows of our room, which windows were behind my head. But, looking more closely at it, I vividly, distinctly, and positively recognized in that shadow the form of my mother, standing about two feet distant from the footboard of our bunk. Now, as I was just thinking and striving to solve in my mind what would be the best for me to do, namely: To remain in the army, or apply for my discharge and go out; so, after being positively convinced by observing the stature and recognizing the face that it is my mother, and without any thought whatever how she could appear there, and being utterly unable to explain to myself even to the present day how it came that I threw to her such a question without any preliminary interrogation or explanation—as soon as I became fully sure and convinced that it was my mother standing before me, I uttered to her the following question, and in the Russian language, "Mother, what shall I do?" and

in the very moment that I had spoken the last word she raised her right hand and arm as high as her head, and, pointing with her forefinger towards the ceiling, she answered, and in the Russian language also, "To pray." And this answer was pronounced by her in a half-suppressed voice, just loud enough for me to hear and understand, apparently as if she was thoughtful not to disturb the sleep of any other occupant of that room; and in the very moment she dropped that word, "To pray," she vanished.

Now, every living man in the room was soundly sleeping. Not one of them, by any single manifestation, exhibited himself to be in a wakeful condition; and, besides this, there was not one single person who could understand the Russian language. But I asked her in Russian, and received from her the answer in the same language. I did not sleep then, but was awake probably for more than half an hour before she appeared to me; neither did I fall asleep after the vision, but remained awake the rest of the morning, until all the others, one after another, were awake. So I am perfectly sure and positive that it was not a dream, but a vision in reality; without any doubt whatever. I perfectly recognized the features of her face, but could not distinguish exactly if her eyes were open or shut, as they appeared to me as being very deep sunken in the sockets, which was not the case when I left her on departing from St. Petersburg; and, besides this, she was standing before my sight as if in a shade, or as when we see objects in insufficient light, or during the twilight or dawn. I perfectly recognized her voice when she gave me the answer to my inquiry. Also I distinctly observed the dress of her head and body, and am sure that she had them not at that time when I was yet in St. Petersburg. By this appearance of her to me I concluded that she had died.

Now, this was the second vision which I saw in broad daylight, and with open eyes and full consciousness; and not



only saw with my natural eyes the visions, but heard with my natural ears some words directed and spoken to me, which in no way could come from a human being, as at both times the words were spoken to me in the Russian language, when I am perfectly sure not one living soul in Fort Trumbull could speak Russian.

After the vision of my mother I resolved to remain in the army till the expiration of the term of my enlistment, and perform as much duty as I would be able to perform. And, as I often afterwards was in an unaccountable condition, and almost every day trying to recall to my memory all the circumstances of the day previous, I encountered more or less long spaces of blank duration, of which I did not know anything for certain; therefore, I will mention here but such events as I am certain that they happened in the same way as I describe them.

After becoming so far recuperated as to leave the room and be about outdoors, I was given several kinds of work to perform which I was more or less able to fulfill. And, at last, I was made provost-sergeant, and was ordered to take every day the prisoners confined in the fort outside the inclosure to make a proper and regular road leading from the fort into the city of New London, which road went through rocks covered with underbrush and woods in a wild condition. The prisoners were many, and among them several were desperate characters, to manage whom, to say the least, I had more than a little difficulty on account of my ignorance of English. One morning, being outside the fort at work on the road with the prisoners, among whom were several who carried a ball and chain, and among these a young fellow, who was a deserter several times, and carried on his foot a heavy chain and ball; just after the "doctor's call" was sounded in the fort, one of the prisoners came to me telling me that he was sick and wanted to see the doctor. As that morning I felt in my

stump considerably more pain than usual, I was desirous to see the doctor, too, for to ask for some liniment to rub the stump with. So, taking the sick prisoner with me, I went into the fort to see the doctor, leaving all the other prisoners at work in charge of one of the guards. After returning with the sick prisoner to the place of our work, I noticed some prisoners sneering and laughing, seemingly at my expense. Suspecting something wrong or unusual, I told the guards to bring the prisoners together to be counted. As soon as they were all together, I saw at once that the young fellow who was a constant deserter, and one of the most daring and desperate characters, was missing. I at once ordered one of the guards to search through the woods and see if he was not hiding himself behind some rocks or brushes. But in a few minutes he came back and reported that there was no sign whatever of his whereabouts. So, giving to the guards a strict order to keep all the prisoners in one place together, I took along with me one of the guards, and went to search for the missing man myself. After some search behind the rocks and trees, I found, in some kind of a cave, the ball and chain broken off from the foot; and just a few rods from the place where the prisoner was crushing with a heavy hammer the rock-stones for macadamizing the road, and undoubtedly with the very same hammer, he knocked off the chain from his foot, as the hammer was there, too, with some other implements which we used in breaking the rock.

Now, it could easily be seen that all this was a preconceived and well-arranged job to bring me into trouble. The chain was very heavy and strong, and could not be broken easily and quickly without making a noise, which would be heard by many around, and especially by the guards. But nobody knew, or they pretended not to know anything about that affair; but the ball and chain were there, and the man *non est*. As the time was close to dinner, I formed my squad

and marched into the fort. Coming in, I reported the event to the officer of the day, expecting to be plunged into a great trouble. But, as the war was over, I suppose the authorities in the fort did not care much about losing such a desperate fellow as this prisoner was; and probably they saw, too, that this thing was executed with the knowledge of many others, if not all, except myself. So they did not press it to a formal investigation, and the thing passed over. But, nevertheless, this affair made such an impression upon my mind that I lost the equilibrium of my senses again, and for several days was so sick at heart and mind that I was unable to perform any duty. But when the trouble passed over in my mind, I resumed my duties again.

A few weeks after this event there came rumors that Major G. Chapin, who was Fort-Commander at that time, had been made Battalion-Commander, and all of us in the fort were to constitute the nucleus of the Third Battalion, with Major Chapin for our commander, and that we will soon leave the fort and go somewhere else. In a short time there came an order to prepare for moving. Now, as I have said, the escape of that prisoner severely unsettled my senses again, and I became often conscious that I lost my accountability once in awhile again. So the excitement of the preparations for moving increased this defect, and so much so that I became sick physically and was compelled to go on the sick list; and after that for the most of the time, I was at least half, if not fully, unaccountable. That morning when we left Fort Trumbull I was almost totally unaccountable, and do not know at all when and how we started. But, going through the city of New London, I regained my senses and retained them till we came aboard a steamer; and I remembered afterwards what I saw during that time, as well in the streets of New London as on arriving upon the deck of the steamer. But being on the vessel, in a very short time I lost my memory or accountability

again, and do not know at all whereabouts we passed, and what was to be seen on the voyage. My senses returned to me again when we were in barracks, and I was lying upon my back in a bunk, in company with very many soldiers around me. Trying to remember where about we went on our road to these barracks, I could faintly recollect having seen sailing vessels passing by and some buildings ashore which we passed by, but all in such a nebulous and undefined shape as if it were seen in a feverish dream. So, desiring to know where I was, I asked the nearest to me where we were quartered, and was told that we were upon an island (name I cannot remember) in New York harbor.

After a few days on that island I was detailed on recruiting service. I was given three privates, and ordered to proceed to New York city and report myself for duty, with the three privates, as Recruiting Sergeant in the office of Captain Foote. On this duty I was about six months, and when our battalion was filled up sufficiently there came an order to close up our business and shut up the office, and I was ordered by Captain Foote to return with my three men to the headquarters on the island. During this service in New York nothing exceptional occurred, and seemingly all went smoothly and satisfactorily for Captain Foote, as I never heard from him any harsh or cross words, as he was a very good man.

Returning to the island, I reported myself to the commander, Major Chapin, who told me to stay in the barracks and await further orders. After a few days I was told that Major Chapin wanted to see me, and I must report myself to him immediately. Reporting myself to him, Major Chapin told me that our battalion is ordered to go to San Francisco Cal., and will start on the voyage in a few days; and, therefore, he asks me if I want to be discharged, or remain in the service till my term of enlistment is expired, as the voyage will take about one month on the ocean, and probably I would not

like to undergo the hardships of so long a sea travel, adding that if I want to be discharged I will receive my discharge on the morrow; but if I want to serve out my term of enlistment nobody can force me to leave the service. I answered him that if it is possible for me to remain I would prefer to serve out my proper term, and have my discharge on account of the expiration of my term of service rather than on account of disability. To this the Major said that certainly I can remain, but I must perform some kind of duty by which I may be of some use in the service. I replied that I am ready and willing to perform any duty he will assign me to, provided I am able to perform it satisfactorily, as my knowledge of English is yet a great obstacle. Then he told me to go back to the barracks, and when he has found some duty for me to perform he will send for me, and the next morning he sent for me to report myself to him. So, coming to him, he told me that he would appoint me to be an orderly to the commanding officer of the battalion, and I would have to be on duty in full dress every day around him, wherever he should be ordered by the War Department to go with the battalion, asking me if I felt able to perform that duty, to which I answered that I felt able, and hoped to obey his orders and discharge my duty satisfactorily. Then he told me to prepare myself for the voyage, as the battalion would start for California in two or three days, and after I have made myself ready for the voyage to report myself to him for duty in full dress. So, in accordance with these orders, having made myself ready for moving, the next morning I reported myself to him for duty. The battalion started in two days after this for New York city, and right away went aboard of an ocean steamer for California; and during the whole trip, which lasted nearly a month, I was every day on duty around Major Chapin and constantly in his view being always in the first-cabin passengers' part of the steamer. On this voyage, as far as I am able to recollect, nothing excep-



tional happened; and on one of the first days of December, 1865, we came to San Francisco, and, landing there, went straight off to the Presidio.

After our arrival in the Presidio I found out that my term of service would expire on the 10th of December, 1865, the very same month in which we came to California. So, on the morning of the 10th of December, reporting myself, as usual, to the Major, Gordon Chapin—now promoted to be Brevet-Colonel of the United States Army—for duty as orderly, I reported to him also that the term of my service expired that very same morning. He was somewhat surprised, and asked me if I was sure of that, to which I answered that the regimental books in the batallion office testified that it was so. Then he said to me: “Well, you need not perform any duty hereafter, and you may go to your quarters.” But a few hours after he sent his cook after me; and, on my reporting to him, he told me that I was correct; my term of service expired that very morning. But if I wish to remain in the army I can do so, and he will re-enlist me for three or five years longer, and I can remain with him in the same duty as orderly as long as I chose, to which I replied that it is against the military laws to enlist a disabled man, and especially a one-armed man. He answered: “That is correct; but I will write to General Halleck in Washington about this, and I am sure that I will receive the permit from the War Department. I may rest assured that my remaining in the service will be approved. And besides that I would have the right to remain in the service as long as I liked, and would be discharged at any time I should apply.” To this I replied that I cannot give a positive answer right then, but must think it over. So he said: “All right; but now, as your term of service has expired, the rations of subsistence for you cannot be drawn any longer; hence, you cannot take your meals at the barracks. But, as you cannot live without food, so you may come every day at the meal-

time to my house, and eat and drink at my table, together with the cook, page and the other servants," which I certainly accepted with many thanks, and did go into his house nearly every day till I received my discharge papers. During this time, always when he chanced to see me, he inquired about my resolution to remain in the service and around him; but I could not give him a positive and final answer. So it went on a whole month.

And on the morning of January 10, 1866, he sent for me, and, at my coming to him, he said to me that they had received an order from the War Department by which the battalion is ordered to be ready to start for Arizona on any day, and he expects to receive an order to start in a very few days, asking me if I will remain in the army and with him. Learning this news, I told him positively that I cannot remain in the service, as, if the battalion goes into the field, it will very likely have to move from one place to another often, and that would be but too hard for me to carry my things from one place to another, and keep up with the troops in marching, to which he said that I needn't be troubled on this account; my things would be transported in the headquarters' wagons, and I could ride in his family wagon, a large two-horse team which he had bought for that purpose, to give proper accommodations for his family and his servants. And, as my duty would be, as heretofore, to be always around him, I would, of necessity, have to ride in his wagon, and will not need to march with the troops. I was very sorry, as he was a very good and kind man—a gentleman in every way; and as I could plainly see that he was very desirous to retain me around him, I suppose more on account of his two little sons who liked to be around me; so I said that it was very hard for me to refuse the acceptance of all his proffered advantages. But, as my resolution was already fixed, I thanked him as well as I was able, and told him that I could not accept his kind and generous prom-



ises and advantages, as it is too hard for me to remain any longer in the military service, and I asked him for my discharge papers. He evidently was disappointed at my answer; and, if he is yet among the living, and will have a chance to read these depositions, I sincerely ask herewith his forgiveness if I caused some pain to his feelings by my answer, but I could not help it. I was unable to express myself in English, so, as I wished to express myself; and to accept his proffer, and remain in the service, it was nearly utterly impossible for me. So he said to me to go into the Adjutant's office and ask for my papers, telling the clerk in the office that Colonel Chapin sent me after them, and to bring the papers to him for signing, which I did that very moment. And when I brought the papers to him he once more counseled and advised me to remain; but, as I finally told him the same reasons that prevented my further remaining in the service, he signed the papers and handed them to me.

This happened on the 10th of January, 1866; and, as my term of service expired on the 10th of December, 1865, so it is to be seen that Colonel Chapin kept me around him, and supplied me with food from his own table, just a full month. Having received my papers, I went the very same morning to San Francisco, found the Paymaster's office, and received my money in full, and, according to my final statement papers, from Colonel Fry. Then I went to a clothing-store close by, and bought me a suit of citizen's clothes, as till that time I continued to wear my military dress. After this I went back to the Presidio after my few things left there, and also to bid the officers farewell, and express my thankfulness to them for their kind treatment of me, especially in the last months of my being in the service. Colonel Chapin, as several other officers, gave me very good private recommendations, all of which, except a very long letter written by Captain Brown in the name of all the officers of our regiment being at that time in the

Presidio, and directed to General Miller, who was just then appointed Collector of Customs in the port of San Francisco, asking him to give me a situation in the Custom House, and handed to me in an open envelope to carry to General Miller, with the respects and greetings of all the officers then present; except this letter, all the other recommendation papers I sacredly preserved as mementoes to the very present day. These last events dissolved my connection with the military service for the whole remainder of my life.

I have gone into such an extensive and detailed description of the last time of my being in the army with a two-fold purpose in view: (1) If any one who was then with me will have the opportunity to read these Depositions, he will testify to the truthfulness of my words, at least as far as he is able to recollect the circumstances here described, and as far as they fell under his observation. And (2) that if anything of seeming truth was evolved from the accusations which to hear I was subjected so often and so long as to my being "a rebel," "a traitor," "a coward," etc., so, by the treatment received by me in the last months of my service, I could reasonably conclude that if anything was committed by me wrong or criminal it was done unintentionally and in some state of mental unaccountability, as the attests and recommendations, official and private, given to me by the officers under whose eyes and command I spent the last months of my being in the army, and who were at the time of my discharge in the Presidio, San Francisco, Cal., furnish ample proof and evidence. But, as regards my own self, being fully aware and conscientiously sure that I was in nowise guilty of deserving to be branded by such epithets as above mentioned, I couldn't accept them otherwise than as an insult hurled at me, with the intention to plague me; and by keeping me in constant irritation and anger to force and provoke me, if possible, to deeds of violence and crime in revenge or retaliation for the insults received.

But, though sometimes it was nearly unbearable; nevertheless, keeping constantly in mind the command of our Saviour—to forgive our enemies, and pray for them who calumniate and injure us—and in accordance with the petition in the Lord's Prayer—"forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," etc.—I never retaliated on any one; neither harbored secret hate against any one of my insulters and abusers.

After a few days the battalion started for Arizona; and, having seen them safely embark aboard a steamer, I bade them my last farewell at the wharf, and returned to the place of my lodging in a hotel on Pacific street. There were several more discharged soldiers from our regiment, and a few from the same company with me. As is always the case, being exceedingly happy at regaining our freedom of actions and choosings, the "demon of drink" got the best of us. And, as I had had the greatest cause to feel happy and lucky from receiving my discharge, and thereby being set free from the dreadful and constant anxiety of possible commitment of some grave blunder through misunderstanding of orders from my superiors, I naturally became so much the greater victim of that terrible scourge—"drink." And only God knows how foolishly I conducted myself during the few weeks of my remaining at that time in San Francisco. And probably many a one who knew me at that time, and became in some degree acquainted with me, or in some way became able to be an observer of my conduct in San Francisco during the years of my second coming to that city, in 1874, has wondered over the change in my conduct and actions, remembering how it was at that time, and how it is now. For the benefit of such, if there are any, I will openly confess and humbly declare that this change was brought about neither by mine own personal strength and volition, nor by compulsion from outside my own self by others who may have had some controlling power to exercise over me. No, indeed. This nowise could be brought about with such a

result. This change in my life-conduct and actions, as well as my whole character, judgment and disposition, was brought about gradually by the Blessed Saviour of mankind. And it required only from my side, or on mine part, the full belief in him, and submissive obedience to all his teachings and commandments as they are handed over to us in the Four Gospels and Acts of the Apostles. This was the power and the fulcrum which and on which my whole life turned around. So much is it so that only some fifteen years ago I sometimes was so despondent and cast down as to be nearly able to take my own life. But now, since that change was wrought in me by my Saviour and God, as I shall describe further on, I am so content, and happy, and satisfied that, if my life would last for a hundred years yet, I would not wish to have anything more, neither would aspire to anything of this world. It is often repeated in print, "Peace that passeth all understanding." But how many—or, oh, how few—fully experience and realize that blessed condition which can come to man only and solely through, and in consequence of, his voluntary and willing obedience to the Word of God, expressed and explained in the Four Gospels and in the Acts of Apostles ! How it comes will be described further on.

Not being able to find any employment in San Francisco, I concluded to go back to the East in company with some other discharged soldiers who were, equally with me, unsuccessful in finding work. And, taking passage on the opposition line steamer, the old and rickety *Moses Taylor*, in the last part of February we started for Nicaragua; as the steamer could not go to Panama on account of being in opposition to the regular Pacific Mail Company. Passing through some hardships and adventures, we crossed Nicaragua from San Juan del Norte to Graytown, and from thence to New York. In that city I remained about two weeks; but, as I had no acquaintances or friends there, I went from New York to New Haven,

Conn., from whence I had gone into the army, and where I had a few good friends. I was in New Haven but one week, when, through some well-disposed German friends, I found employment in the hardware factory of J. B. Sargent & Co., Mr. Sargent himself giving me the position of a day-watchman on the premises. After a few months as watchman, Mr. Sargent asked me if I could stay in the factory office every Sunday, from the time in the morning when the night-watchman left the premises till the time in the evening when he came for the stay over night. This duty I accepted, and, in consequence, I had to be in the factory every day in the week, and from earliest dawn till late in the evening, so that I could see the outside world only by gaslight. A few months after this I was made a sworn city weigher and measurer. I had to weigh or measure everything that came into the factory or went out of it. And, as I had to furnish legal certificates of weight or measure, if required by the seller or deliver, I had to keep certain books for that purpose. And this, in turn, facilitated in some degree my speedier learning of English.

Now, as I had to stay in the factory office all day on Sunday, except as once in a few hours I passed around through all the buildings of the factory in order to see that everything was all right and no danger from fires anywhere, I had too much idle time in the office, and to use it profitably for learning the English language I began to buy books for reading on Sundays in the office. Having read a few secular books, I concluded that it would be still more profitable to read the Bible in the English language; and as I had read the Bible through in several other languages in Russia, so reading it now in English I could learn the English language still better than from reading any other book, by remembering what I had read and learned from reading the Bible in other languages. So, concluding to buy a Bible after I had read through the last book I was reading, it happened, the very



same week, that a book agent came around canvassing for subscriptions for Bibles. I subscribed for a large Bible (\$12) at once, asking him to deliver the Bible as soon as it was possible for him—the sooner the better—settling with him the conditions of payment for it in monthly installments. I received the book the next week. I would state here this truth, that at the time I concluded to read the Bible in the office I was actuated only by the desire to learn the language and pass the idle time profitably. But, after a few Sundays of constant and attentive reading, it dawned upon my mind that my reading the Bible is not only for the learning of English, but it must inevitably result in far greater benefit to me than knowledge of all languages combined. In my very beginning to read the Bible I found in different places pretty distinct explanations of my indefinite visions which I had in the hospital during the time when I was utterly lost to rational life and mental capability, after my vision of the Almighty Jehovah; but, as those visions are in my memory only like dreams, without definite connections with realities, so I will not describe them, not being sure that they will be given correct and true.

But in other directions the reading of the Bible plunged me into great perplexity and confusion, causing me often and very intently to think and meditate over the visions and the words of the Bible. For example, as I read the words in the Old Testament, “No man can see God and live,” and “No man has seen God,” etc., I was struck and confounded as to what to believe. Shall I believe my own eyes and ears as I had seen and heard in the hospital, “God the Father” and “God the Son,” or shall I believe the words of the Old Testament of the Mosaic dispensation? I could not repudiate that which I had seen clearly with my natural eyes and in the broad daylight; also I had heard distinctly the whisper into my ear, which in nowise could proceed from human



agency. But I was also averse to disbelieving the words of the Bible. Hence praying, thinking, and constantly meditating about this mystery of diversity, at last gradually it came down upon my mind the following explanation of it: In our dispensation, and after the resurrection of our Saviour Jesus Christ, he became God of the whole human race, as the evangelist John says: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God," etc.; "and the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," etc. So also the words of our Saviour testify: "I and my Father are one," etc. "Who sees me sees my Father"; "all power is given to me in heaven and in earth," and many other passages. So, having become God of the heavens and earth, he appeared several times to his apostles and other followers of him in the very same body in which he lived among them, in which body he was crucified and buried in the sepulcher, and which body he resurrected from death by his own power of divinity, which was inherent in him from the eternal Deity, or his Heavenly Father, as his own words testify this too: "As the Father has life in himself, so also has the Son life in himself"; "No man taketh my life from me; I have the power to lay it down, and have the power to take it up again," and many other verses. So, as he appeared many times before his ascension, to the apostles and other believers, in the same human body in which he was living on earth, and as he ascended into the heavens in the very same human body, and in full view of all his believers and followers, since that time it became possible for God to appear before the eyes of any human being in reality and in a human form, if, by his infinite wisdom and mercy, he chooses to reveal himself to a common mortal. Whereas, during the Mosaic dispensation, no man could see God, as God was only the Word, and became flesh and man only after the resurrection of Christ, and in him. So it was the perfect truth that "no man can see God and live," as it is in the Old Testament;

and all the worthies of the Mosaic dispensation saw God only in dreams, and obscurely, or else they saw angels in human form as messengers sent to them from heaven, and they conversed with the persons to whom they were sent down. Thus the Scriptures of the Mosaic Dispensation are not in harmony, in some features, with the Scriptures of the New Testament of our Saviour, Lord and God himself, given by himself and without the medium of another, as in the Old Testament, through Moses, prophets, and seers. This the religious teachers ought to consider, but they do not.

Further on, reading the New Testament, in the "Sermon on the Mount," the words of our Saviour, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God" struck my mind heavily. For a considerable time I could not give me the account by which I would be able to harmonize my vision of the Almighty Jehovah with the above words of the Saviour of the world, as in no way could I consider myself, even for a moment, to be pure in heart. But it seemed to me that these words of our Saviour implied the sense that only "the pure in heart" can "see God." And I saw God, as it was whispered into my ear that the human form which I saw floating in the clouds was the "God-Father and God-Son." After a long time of prayer and meditation about this, it was given me to explain it in this way: I was utterly and positively innocent of any such crime as would demand or justify the infliction of capital punishment upon me; but I was very often subjected to hear the gravest accusations which would justify the punishment, and that this highest punishment would be imposed upon me; in consequence of which the idea came into my mind that probably the Almighty Providence demanded a special sacrifice to be offered for the restoration of peace in this our country, and the preservation of the republic. As I was walking up and down in the hospital room on that Sunday morning, and as it came to my mind that probably I was selected

for that purpose; as I utterly did not know of committing such a crime for which I must be shot, the vision of the Almighty "God-Father" and "God-Son" appeared just then, and in the very moment when my firm resolution, which I mentally uttered to my own self, viz: "If I knew that by my death the war would be ended, peace restored, and the republic preserved; if it is the will of God to bring about such sacrifice—if I knew all this, I would willingly let myself be condemned without any attempt on my part to prove myself innocent." So, as I was innocent of committing such a crime, and was willing to suffer the punishment for such a crime, and that for the sole benefit of the country and the nation at large, I was recognized as being "pure in heart" in that respect; and this called out that sublime vision of the Universal Creator and Ruler, and enabled me to behold it at that time. All of these events were described above. Besides this there were many other explanations conferred upon me by the study of the Bible. Some of them will be stated and explained further on and in their proper places, but to describe all would demand too much writing, and be almost impossible for me, so I will mention only those which are more weighty, and can give more benefit to mankind.

Now, I am obliged to state here, by the way, that, ever since my coming into the factory of Messrs. Sargent & Co., I was again subjected to all sorts of insult, abuse and persecution by the workers in the factory. As I had to be at the gates always so as to look out that no stranger should go into the factory, and nothing should be carried out without permission from the proper authorities, so at the time of coming to work, and at the time of leaving the premises after quitting work, I was constantly exposed to all kinds of insult and abuse. And, as I had to look around the premises every day at noon-time that no great damage should be perpetrated wantonly by the boys and young fellows who remained on the premises during

the noon-hour, having their dinner with them, so this, too, augmented their hatred to me, and also gave them more chances to plague and abuse me. This was the more hard to bear, as through constant hearing I became more able to understand the English language; but having very little chance to speak, I was very far behind with mine tongue in English; so much was it so that always, when I began to tell them not to do certain things because it was wrong, and entailed damage to the Company, I was each time subjected to the greatest ridicule and derision in consequence of my poor English. And to use my tongue in the English language for defending myself against abuse and insult was positively out of the question, as such an attempt would, unquestionably, make the thing only worse and intolerable; hence, I had to listen to everything and bury it in my breast. But even this, instead of giving me some relief or amelioration in my suffering, rather encouraged all ill-disposed towards me to augment and increase their insults and abuse; as, probably, in my silent suffering and unresisting submission to all their wrongs, they saw only fear on my part to resist wrong, or revenge myself for insult and abuse. So, to all the previous means of insult and abuse, they added the benefit of cowardice to me. In these very often almost unbearable conditions I remained over three years, during which time I did as much as I could to acquire more knowledge of English so as to be able to look for some other occupation.

At last it went so far that I could not stand it any longer, and I resolved to leave the factory. So one evening, going home from the factory together with Mr. J. B. Sargent, I told him, as far as I was able, all about my condition and sufferings, of which he, undoubtedly, was fully aware. And, having told him the abuses and insults I was subjected constantly to suffer, I submitted to him that it was impossible for me to stand it any longer. And therefore I resolved, because I am compelled to leave his factory if he cannot give me some other

duty where I would not be so exposed to insults and abuses. To his inquiry what I possibly could do, so as not to be in the way of the laboring men, I told him that I was acquainted with book-keeping, and that my progress in learning English enabled me in some degree to undertake such work, provided there were not grave or great responsibilities and trust, adding that if he could give me such kind of work inside the office I would remain with him; but if not then I am obliged to leave his employment. To this he answered that he will seek to find some such work for me, as he wished to keep me in his employ all my life, if I would like it. And in a few days after this conversation I was given a position to keep the books of account of time of the mechanical employes and the materials consumed, and had to work in the office.

Thus my condition had been slightly changed, but not much, as in the office the majority of the assistants were young men; and, if they did not openly insult me, they constantly laughed at and ridiculed my English, and at any emergency were conversing among themselves about me derisively. But this I could bear tolerably; hence, I never made any complaint against them. And so I had to be in the office every day in the week and the year. Every Sunday I read the Bible nearly all day, and was not only reading, but, more properly to say, was closely studying that Book of books. As Mr. Sargent nearly every Sunday, either before noon or after noon, came into the office to write letters, he saw me constantly reading the Bible. And on one Sunday, coming into the office as usual, and finding me closely reading the Bible, he, after the usual words of greeting, said to me, "Mr. Petroff, it is hard to find another such decent man as you are." And upon my inquiry in what way I was so exemplary a man, he said: "Because I may come at any time on Sunday here into the office, but it is a sure thing that I will find you reading the Bible." To this I told him that, in my opinion, the morality and decency does



not reside in reading of the Bible, but in the obedient carrying out of the Bible's teachings and commandments in our every-day life; without this all our reading and knowing of the Bible will not only not benefit us, but will do positive injury. Upon that he laughed, but did not say anything more on this subject.

Now, till this time I was accustomed to drink all kinds of intoxicants—beer, wine, liquors and everything — and often drank far more than I ought to permit myself to drink, and especially on Sunday evenings, as I belonged to a German Sanger Society, which held every Sunday night a family gathering for conversation, singing, dancing, and especially drinking, at which nights I drank sometimes too much. This, undoubtedly, was communicated to Mr. Sargent; and on one Sunday, coming into the office, he began to give me advice in regard to my conduct, and especially excessive drinking of intoxicants. He made this very polite and delicate, and more like a good father to his wayward son than as an employer to his employe. I inwardly admitted and consciously approved all his words of advice and warning, but how to stop drinking was the principal dilemma. If I continued to visit the Sunday evening festivities, the stopping of drinking was absolutely out of the question. I could not remember one single member of the Society who did not drink more or less; so, being among them, it was utterly impossible for me to abstain from drinking. But, on the other hand, recognizing the words of Mr. Sargent as perfect truth, and for my own benefit, I was very desirous to accept and follow his advice by quitting the drinking of intoxicants altogether. In consequence of this, and on mature meditation and prayer, I concluded to discontinue my visits to the "Society hall," and also the frequenting of saloons and other drinking resorts, to break up entirely. Now, I did not tell any one single man about the words of advice of Mr. Sargent, and nobody knew anything about it; hence, after



my discontinuing the visits to the Society, and ceasing to go into saloons and other drinking-places, all, and especially the Germans, concluded that, as I was now a sort of book-keeper, I had become too proud to mix myself with "common mortals" of the mechanic and laboring persuasion. And this raised a perfect "bedlam" of abuse and insult upon me. As I never revenged myself in any possible way, so only the "lame one" did not give me a kick because he could not; but all others began to persecute me to their hearts' content. So, to escape as much as possible from persecution and pain, I resolved to stay in my room in the evenings, and not go on the street at all without an urgent necessity. So, every evening, after having had my supper, I went straight to my room, and stayed at home reading books and newspapers every day in the week, month, and year. Now, as every intelligent person can easily understand, such a life cannot last very long: the whole day and every day in the week in the office at work in writing and figuring, then to come home and stay all the evening in the room reading, with only the exercise of going to the office in the morning, of going for dinner and back at noon, and going home in the evening; and in addition to this highly injurious mode of life for the physical system, there were constantly inflicted on me all kinds of insults and abuses, which kept me in almost constant irritation and anger. I never could eat my meals at such times when many were at the table with me, and often had to leave the table without having eaten anything, except drinking one or two cups of coffee or tea. Now, this condition of my life nearly brought back my mental troubles experienced in the army life. I lost my sleep; and, as I am positively sure, because I counted the days and nights, at one period of time I did not sleep for twenty-eight consecutive nights, and was reduced to such a state that, as soon as I began writing and figuring in the office, the sleepiness would overpower me to such an extent that the pen or lead pencil would fall out of my fingers.

The first consequence of such a condition showed itself in the closing of my bowels and the inability of the stomach to digest. So much was it so that at that time, and it was in the summer of 1869, my bowels never moved oftener than once in three or four days, and very often once in five or six days; and a few times it went so far that my bowels did not move for eight days, and I was compelled, at such instances, to take pills, which brought about the moving, but with such excruciating pains and cramps in the bowels that it was sometimes almost impossible to stand. Afterwards came the constant or every-day cramps in the stomach and bowels, just as I had them in the field six years previous. But this time they came oftener and oftener, and when the cramps attacked me there was but one way to get rid of them, and that was dropping the work to walk around fast, without sitting down before they were over, which I always did either inside the factory or outside in the fresh air. But the pains and cramps came oftener and oftener, although I tried several kinds of patent medicine, and consulted doctors, but all with no good results; till, at last, in 1874, it was increased to such an extent that I was unable to sit still at reading or writing more than half an hour at a time without getting very bad cramps and pains in my stomach and bowels, and I was almost unable to perform my work in the office. At that time I was recommended to apply for assistance to Dr. Wintshell, an American, and an exceptionally fine and conscientious gentleman, who was doctor and surgeon in the Northern army during the war for the Union. After he was a few times to see me in my lodging, he advised me to take more exercise at evenings and in the fresh air, inviting me, at any time I would be disposed to do so, to come to see him in the office at his residence, adding as a reason for that that he was very glad to have some conversation about the field life during the war, as he had been in the field himself, and liked to recall to memory as much as possible of

the different events. This I did a few times; but as to talk in English it was for me but too hard, and demanded from me too great exertion of mental force: it made a great impression upon my too weak stomach and bowels. So, one evening, being in his office, I told him that I could hardly continue to visit him, as each time, after my visit to him, I felt far more pain in my stomach and bowels, and could not sleep nearly all night. After thinking a few minutes, he told me: "I will tell you the truth, not as a doctor but as a friend, that you cannot recover your health as long as you remain in your place and continue your occupation. I will do all I can for you, but the medical science has no fixed means to eradicate your troubles; there is no medicine in our knowledge which could give you permanent relief. You will constantly grow worse and worse till all hope for recovery will be out of reach. There is but one way by which you may regain you health so far as to live yet for several years, and I will tell you the means if you will promise me not to tell anybody, and especially a doctor, that I have told you. You may inquire of any doctor about the correctness of this advice, but do not tell him that I advised you to do it." Having received from me the honest promise which he demanded, he said to me: "The way and means are most simple, and all depends upon if you can carry them out. That is, if you can live without work that demands constant and careful attention; and especially in doors, as yours is. Then drop your occupation as soon as possible. Go somewhere into the country, and into a region which is hilly and mountainous, where you could go often up hill and down hill; walk every day as much as you can without fatiguing yourself too much. Pass your time as well as you can, be careful what you eat and what you drink, and especially do not think about, and do not worry yourself about, the world and the ugly doings of men. But live as quiet and steady as it is possible for you; and only by such living, posi-

tively according to the laws of nature, can you yet recuperate your health even so far as to be able to live for many years. But if you will remain in your occupation, I can tell you in advance that probably after but a few months you will be ready for boxing-up, and for being stowed in the mother earth. Believe me! And if you will accept my advice, and will carry it out, you will surely see, in the future, the truth of my words." I thanked him for his kind advice, and went home; and since that time I never have been in his office again.

After this I thought often and much about this advice, and how it would be possible for me to carry it out. But it was evident, at least to me, that I had no means to carry it out. My pension for the loss of my arm was only eighteen dollars per month. From this eighteen dollars I had to lay aside five dollars a month to pay the premium on my life-insurance policy of one thousand dollars, to which I was persuaded by others in the factory, insuring my life in 1872 for that sum, and having to pay a premium of about sixty dollars a year, or five dollars a month. Now, without any other income, this would leave me but thirteen dollars a month of my pension. And to live on that sum was out of the question altogether. I had accumulated a few hundred dollars which I had deposited for safe keeping with Mr. J. B. Sargent & Co.; but this money would not last me long, especially when I should be obliged to have anything to do with doctors and apothecaries. So it was for me as nearly a death by leaving my occupation as by remaining in it. In this condition I remained about three months, constantly going from bad to worse. At last I became so bad that I could not, on an average, sit still at my work more than half an hour at a time, and, indeed, had to spend n running around so as to keep the cramps away almost two-thirds of the working time; but for my life I could not help it; as, notwithstanding this, I was often, so to say, doubled up

by the cramps and pain in my stomach and bowels, and had to be carried home in a wagon, not being able to walk on the street.

At last my constant prayers were heard, and the Blessed Saviour sent help to me. In September, 1874, I read in the newspapers that our pension had been increased to twenty-four dollars a month; receiving this intelligence, I calculated that, leaving five dollars a month for the payment of the policy premium, I could yet have nineteen dollars a month of my pension, which money, by strict economy, would probably carry me through in living honestly as long as God will permit me to live. So, sending my pension certificate to Washington for exchange to the higher rate, I concluded to give up my occupation as soon as the new certificate of pension should be furnished to me. That new certificate I received in October. And in the same month, having received my pension, I informed Mr. Sargent of my intention to leave his employment. He, evidently, was much astonished at this, as he several times in previous years had told me that I need not be in any trouble about my future, as I might be sure that I could stay in his employ all my life, or, at least, as long as I choose to stay with him. So he began to bring all and every possible means to persuade me not to leave his employ, promising to give me larger wages if I was not satisfied with those I received. But I told him that, in regard to wages, I was perfectly satisfied, and in nowise did I expect to receive more anywhere else. But I am compelled to leave him on account of my inability to work in consequence of the cramps and pain in my stomach and bowels, which trouble, undoubtedly, is much augmented by the insults and abuses I had constantly to suffer. I told him all about the advice given to me by Doctor Wintshell, only withholding the name of the doctor in fulfillment of my promise given to Doctor Wintshell. He evidently was very much affected and disappointed. And I was exceedingly sorry for



him, as he had lost his wife but a few weeks before, and was left with a family of twelve children, the youngest of them being a baby. But I could not do otherwise, as I felt but too clearly that continuing there longer was nothing less than to prepare myself to be "boxed up"; and all this I explained to Mr. Sargent, asking him to return to me the money which was in his safe keeping, but which belonged to me; this he did very unwillingly, and only after he called from the factory a German contractor, by name Mr. Ruff, who, coming into the office, and learning the case, exerted all he could to persuade me to remain, to whom I was able in German to explain all the causes which compelled me to leave. So, handing to me the check for my money, he said to me that I should not fail to write and notify him where I settled myself for living, and how I got along. So I turned all my books and papers over to the secretary of the company, Mr. Baldwin, and bid a good-by to the only place in America where I have worked for wages; as, till the time of this writing, nearly twelve years, since then I am still utterly unable to accept any responsibility of steady work on account of the pains in stomach and bowels, and I have not any hope ever to be able.

Now, having quit all my connection with the factory, it was the next thing to think about where to go. As I was in San Francisco, Cal., before, and as I knew that that city was of seventy mountains—in comparison with Rome of seven hills—and that the climate there would give me the best opportunity to carry out the advice of Dr. Wintshell, I concluded to go to California the second time. And, as I conversed some time with one of my friends—an organist and teacher of vocal and instrumental music—a German, with the name F. Lust, about California, I told him that I had concluded to go to San Francisco again, and he expressed his desire to go, too. So, in haste, selling some things, and packing up all we could carry along, we started for New York, and



in two days were going to Aspinwall on board the steamer *Colon*. To describe the voyage is unnecessary, except to say that I felt on water much better than I expected in my bad condition of health; and the last part of November, 1874, we landed in San Francisco, Cal.

After having carried all our baggage to the hotel, the next thing was to find private lodgings. My friend, Mr. Lust, made some acquaintances in music stores (being a very good musician), and I found a small furnished room in a private house in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Pike, 313 Taylor street, in which house I lived nearly four years. And there, soon after having properly arranged myself, I began to walk around every day, and all day and evening. There was no rainy or stormy weather bad enough to prevent me from leaving the house. And, as it was just the beginning of the rain season when we came to California, it was but too hard on me to be always walking around outdoors. But there was no alternative. As I was hardly able to sit still inside the house at all, so I had to walk around outdoors almost the whole time when I was not in bed. Then, also, I could eat but very little; I took one meal at dinner-time in a restaurant for 25 cents a day, and could not eat the half of what was given to me for that small price; and for breakfast and supper I ate only bread with water in my room, the stomach being unable to digest anything more, and I had not the least craving for anything better.

Now, in the rainy and stormy days I certainly had all that I could do to protect myself with an umbrella; but in the bright and sunny winter days I could employ my time with some reading. I began to read the daily newspapers, but very soon I got tired of such reading. I had preserved from my life in the army, pocket New Testaments in English and in the German languages, which are with me till the present day. Now, as I could not well understand the English, but could the German, I began to carry in my pocket constantly the little

Testament in the German language. And, as my custom was to go as far as I could into the suburbs outside the city proper, I always did go either into the Golden Gate Park, which was only in the embryo at that time, or into one of the cemeteries, arriving in one of which places I always found a convenient place to rest for half an hour, during which time I diligently not only read, but studied, the New Testament, going through it from the first page to the last many times, during which reading, at every difficult passage, or any conspicuous verse or command, I used to stop the reading, and meditated about that saying or statement.

Then I concluded to change my common method of reading by opening the Testament at random, and beginning to read there where mine eyes fell the first time at the opening of the Book. Now, at the very first time and at the very first morning when I began to open and read the Testament at random, in that morning opening my little book, mine eyes fell upon Matthew xvii: 5, which reads, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." Reading the Testament in the ordinary way, I had read this passage perhaps more different times than any other passage, because it appeared to my mind always somewhat strange and incomprehensible, just as many other passages containing the own words of our Saviour; but this time the above words struck my mind in an entirely different way. It appeared to me that in these words there was far more than we can see at the first sight. So I began to read those words over again and again, thinking and meditating upon them; and at last I stopped on the words, "hear ye him." It was evident to me that these words were the puzzle which troubled my mind, so I began to dissect these words analytically in order to get the best understanding of what they meant to convey to the reader. Doing so, I remembered that it is quite the usual way for parents to say to their children, "You must *hear* me," which means just

as if it was said, "You must *obey* me"; or, "You must do what I say." It is a common thing, also, when children, having come from school, begin to tell their father or mother about the order and arrangements of their teacher; for the father or mother, as the case may be, to tell their children, "You must hear your teacher"; which means, "You must obey your teacher"; or "hear ye him"—the teacher. All these expressions meant to convey one and the same thing: "You must do that, which is said by him, who is in authority."

Now, as the Almighty Jehovah, the I Am, proclaimed from the clouds that Jesus of Nazareth, our God and Saviour, is this "beloved Son, in whom I am, God-Father, well pleased," adding to this proclamation the peremptory command and law, "hear ye him," which means nothing less than "obey ye him"; or "Do what he says"—what "his beloved Son" says and commands. So it is positively self-evident that every one who professes to believe in Christ as the true Messiah and Saviour of the world must obey and carry out in every-day life all the teachings and commandments of Christ, as they are transmitted to us through the Four Gospels and partially through the Acts of the Apostles—certainly as far as it is possible for us to do so. Having come to this light, and recalling to my memory many sayings and teachings of Christ himself, as they are recorded in the Gospels, I came more and more, and at last, to the positive conclusion that unless man willingly and freely obeys Christ's teaching and commandments in his every-day life, he cannot expect anything from Christ. This is incontrovertible. Who can expect any reward for willful disobedience? And no one, who is even slightly acquainted with the teachings of the Bible, can deny that non-observance of the gospel teachings and the commandments of Christ is open disobedience to Christ, and at the same time open disobedience to the will and law of his Eternal Father "which is in heaven," as he solemnly proclaimed on the Mount of Transfiguration, to obey His beloved Son Christ.

After having arrived at this conclusion, I resolved to read still more diligently the gospel teachings of our Saviour, and noticing and remembering all his teachings and commandments, to observe and obey them freely and willingly as far as the world would allow me to do so. I must now confess here openly that, in the beginning of this, noticing carefully all his teachings, and especially the so-called "Sermon on the Mount," it appeared to me that no man could follow and obey that; but afterwards, gradually, the more I was anxious to follow and obey his teachings and commandments the easier it became for me to follow and obey them. And after a few months of steady perseverance in obeying his gospel teachings, it became for me not only easy and light to carry them out in my every-day life, but I gradually began to feel positive pleasure to follow his gospel teachings and commandments, and at the same time I became more and more averse to doing such things or acts as are contrary to his teachings.

And what was the greatest consequence from this conduct of mine in regard to obedience to him and to his teachings and commandments? This: The more I strove and exerted myself to follow his teachings and obey his commandments, as I found them recorded in the Four Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, as also in some degree in the Apostolic Epistles, the more and more I began to comprehend by heart the Saviour's teachings and commandments. Before that, I understood them only intellectually, just as a man understands any and every other reading of science or knowledge; but, at this stage of my progress, I began gradually to comprehend the inner worth and value of his gospel teachings, which is in the moral and physical benefit to him who begins to obey his commandments and observe his gospel teachings. And then I became more and more fully aware of the stupendous truth of his words, viz.: "My doctrine is not mine, but his (Father's) that sent me." If any man will do his (Father's) will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak

of myself." (St. John vii: 16, 17.) Now, as the will of his Eternal Father "that sent him" was expressed on the Mount of Transfiguration (quoted above), and consisted in the command to "hear," to "obey," to "follow" his beloved Son Jesus Christ, so obeying Christ's commandments and observing his teachings as they are given to us in the Four Gospels and the Acts, man does "the will of his Father which sent him" into the world to teach and redeem mankind, and thereby acquires the grace to be enlightened from above and "know of the doctrine."

And I had but too ample opportunity to verify the truthfulness of these words of his. As the Archbishop of the Greek-Russian Church, Nestor, with whom I was nearly a year in the capacity of private secretary, and whom I had to help in translating sermons of the most distinguished teachers, from the Russian language into English (to be delivered in the Greek-Russian Church by him in English), and at which work I had opportunity to find often such words and teachings that were positively contrary to the gospel teachings of Christ himself; so, as I had, at every such instance, expressed my opinion that this teaching was incorrect, Bishop Nestor always at such times demanded from me explanation and proof that the teaching in that sermon was erroneous. And, to satisfy him, and advance the gospel teachings of Christ at the same time, I explained everything according to the gospel teachings of Christ himself, and quoted Christ's own words for proof, from the Gospels; and on one such occasion he listened to my explanations with exceptional attention. When I had finished my explanations, he fell backwards in his large easy-chair with the exclamation and a deep sigh, "O God Almighty, how wonderful ! how wonderful !" Being in some degree surprised by his words, I asked him, "Your Eminence, may I ask you what is so wonderful to you ?" To which he answered, "It is most wonderful to me how well you understand the Scriptures."



Now, these were words spoken by a church prelate who attained almost the highest degree of eminence in the Greek-Russian church, and whose greatest delight and pastime was in reading and studying the writings of the fathers, reading the Bible, and intermittent delivery of prayers. But he expressed the profoundest wonder about my knowledge of the Scriptures. And here I may add this—that before I began to go into the Russian church, and became acquainted with him, I was not in any church for nearly twenty years, neither was I a reader of any religious journal or paper; but all that knowledge came simply by reading the New Testament, and through obedient following of the Saviour's gospel teachings, and carrying out his commandments in my every-day life.

On another occasion one of the priests of the Russian church, having come to see me in my humble place of living, sitting and conversing about the Scriptural teachings, and about the different teachings of the respective church denominations of the Christian religion, he said to me: "If I will not be too inquisitive, hence impolite, I wish to ask you where you received your education and such diverse knowledge?" Not knowing the cause and aim of this inquiry, I imitated the Saviour in giving his answer to the Scribes and Pharisees, who liked to know by what authority he performed his works and doings, and answered him by a contra-inquiry thus: "If it will not look presumptuous, hence impolite, I would wish to know the motive and reason of your inquiry," to which he said: "I am more than a good deal interested to know where about or in what institution you acquired such knowledge of the Scriptural teachings which you exhibit in conversation?" Accepting it in some degree as flattering, I laughed and answered in some jocular way, "In a Russian theological seminary." This brought a laugh on his part, and then he said: "No, that cannot be. I was educated and graduated in the best theological seminary in Russia, and after graduating from the semi-



nary I went through the theological academy, and know perfectly well how and what these institutions teach and instruct; it is entirely different from your knowledge." Then I saw fit to satisfy his desire, and told him thus: "If you sincerely and indeed believe in Christ as your God and Saviour, you must unquestionably believe in the words and sayings recorded in the Four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles as his (Christ's) own words. Then, if you believe in all his words as coming from our Eternal Father and the Creator of all ('mine doctrine is not mine, but his who sent me,' his Eternal Father), you will find there and then that he says: 'Who will do the will of my Father which is in heaven, he shall know of my doctrine,' etc.; this gives us incontrovertible proof, provided we believe sincerely in his words that there is a way and means by which we can arrive at far superior knowledge of the Scriptural teachings than by means of man's theological-seminary education. Now, he says that 'Who will do the will of my Father,' etc.—this means 'who will' obey and carry out in every-day life the words of command and law of his Father—'shall know of my doctrine'; and in the same Gospels of Christ you will find the will and the law of his and our Eternal Father, pronounced on the 'Mount of Transfiguration' in the following words: 'This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him.' The words 'hear ye him' mean 'obey ye him,' or 'do all he says'; this no believer can deny. Hence, it is clearly evident that we must obey and observe everything and all which he teaches in the Four Gospels and the Acts, and do this in obedience to his command to 'observe all things whatsoever I (Christ) have commanded you,' etc. (Matt. xxviii: 20.) Therefore, if we follow his teachings and obey his commandments, as we find them recorded and transmitted to us in the Four Gospels and the Acts as his own words, we 'shall' and we will 'know his doctrine,' his teachings, far better than we can acquire that knowledge by means of human education. All

human education goes into man through the intellect. But this education comes from the 'uncreated light'—the Saviour's own Spirit of 'light and life'—which operates upon the heart of man, and man becomes able to perceive the truth with his heart, and then communicate his discovery to the intellect, which, in its turn, stores it away in the faculty called 'the memory,' and preserves it for future use. This is what the Apostle Paul expresses in his Epistle, saying, 'Spiritual things are discerned spiritually,' and not by mental or intellectual communication from other human beings. Now, as I have for several years past, and till now, striven to obey his (the Saviour's) teachings and commandments, and that in obedience to his last command before his ascension (Matt. xxviii: 20), and without caring much what the different Christian (?) churches teach and demand to obey; so, in positive accordance with his promise (to know his doctrine), I receive more and more light upon the Scriptural teachings from him, and through his Spirit of light and life. 'My words are Spirit, and they are life,' says the Blessed Saviour. That is the cause and the whole secret why I know the Scriptural teachings quite different than all you great theologians and public instructors know and understand them. That this is a naked truth every one can find out for himself; all he has to do is this: (1) To believe sincerely that the Saviour of the world, Jesus Christ, is the Eternal Father (Jehovah, I Am) himself, having lived in human flesh and form among men on earth. Before his incarnation and glorification, God was only a Spirit, known to man only by the word 'God'; but after his life, passion, resurrection and the glorification of his body, and his ascension with that body into the realms of eternal life, God became known to man not only by word, but by a glorified human form in Christ Jesus; (2) believing in him as the Universal Creator and Ruler (St. John i: 1, 2, 3, 4, 14), as well as the Saviour of mankind, believe also that all the words which are

recorded in the New Testament are his own teachings and commandments, indeed; (3) believing in the first and second points as a matter of unquestionable necessity, observe all his teachings, and obey all his commandments (as they are given to us in the New Testament), and there is no doubt whatever that every such one will attain to the same knowledge of the Scriptures, and probably far greater, than I possess. That is all I can tell you now." Having satisfied his curiosity, and probably having received some new views upon the Scriptures, we conversed for awhile longer, and then he departed.



### CHAPTER III

This conversation, and that with the Archbishop Nestor, happened in 1880 and 1881; but we have to go back in our description to 1876. Now, as it was said previously, I continued to walk around outdoors every day from early morning, and every evening till bed-time. And I may add here that it is exceedingly wonderful to me how I could stand all that, as many an evening, in the winter season, during the heaviest rainstorm and wind, I came home all wet and muddy outside, and wet to the bone inside from perspiration, and so wet and so weak and cast down that I had a very faint hope to leave my bed on the next morning. And very often, also, in the morning I felt almost even more tired than I was the preceding evening. But there came always some shining and clear days, when I was able to resume my reading of the New Testament, and this gave me powerful help and stimulus for recuperation. And in my room at home I spent about two hours every day in fervent prayer, which practice I continue till the very present day.

So passed the year 1875. And in the summer of 1876 I began to feel somewhat better, as I could sit a little longer at a time, and the cramps and pain in the bowels were not so severe as they were before, and so I could sit still longer at a time, and was enabled to read and study the teachings of our Saviour so much better. And as I diligently strove to follow his teachings, and obey his commandments in my intercourse and actions towards my fellow-men in my every-day life, I perceptibly and consciously could see my progress in understanding the gospel teachings. And the more I strove to follow and

obey his teachings and commandments, the more rapidly I began to comprehend them.

One evening in September, 1876 (the date I cannot remember), I came home as usual about 9 P. M. Meeting in the hall Mrs. Pike and her oldest daughter, Miss Annie, I conversed with them a few minutes, and then went to the second floor into my room. I occupied a very little room, with one window to the street and eastward—so small a room that the bedstead took more than half the space in the room; and the bed stood with the foot-board close to the window; hence, lying in bed, my face and eyes were towards the window and eastward, and the window had outside blinds and inside shades, and the room had but one door opening to the stair gangway. So, coming into the room, and lighting a candle (as I did not use the gas), I, as usual, closed securely first the blinds, and then, shutting the window, pulled down the shade. Then, undressing myself, I sat awhile in meditation and contemplation about everything I had done and spoken on that day, to see if I haven't done anything against the Commandments, or even the teachings of our Saviour. Then, after having rested awhile in that way, I undressed myself finally, performed my evening prayer as usual, and putting out the candle went to bed. The room was pitch dark, so that not the least idea was there to see anything. As the past day and evening were of very fine weather, I was less tired than usual, and did not feel very sleepy. So, lying upon my back, with my eyes wide open, but not seeing the least thing in the room, I began to recall to my memory some prayers in the Russian language, and mentally prayed, repeating them. Doing this, my eyes, all at once, were attracted by something shining, having appeared about above the window. Looking at that spot closely, I saw distinctly that it slowly took the form of a perfect circle, having the size of about one foot in diameter, and the hoop itself about two inches broad; it was a bright yellow or golden color, emitting

from itself a little shine (nimbus) inside and outside of the circle. It appeared in perfect shape, and recognizable above my feet and not far from the ceiling, just about five feet above my body (as far as I was able to judge in that darkness), and moved very slowly along the whole length of my outstretched body; and, having come straight above my head, it became stationary, and remaining in that place for several seconds, if not minutes, it finally disappeared. Now, being somewhat surprised with this phenomenal appearance, and thinking closely about what could possibly produce such an appearance, my eyes were again attracted to another bright spot which appeared apparently in the very same place as the former. This time that bright spot resolved into a perfect form of a bird, somewhat smaller than a dove. I could distinctly see the head with outstretched neck, outstretched wings and tail, as of a flying dove; but neither head and neck, nor the wings or tail, were in motion. And, just as it became in all outlines the form of a bird, it began to float slowly above my body towards my head, just in the same way as the bright circle did; but the head, neck, wings and tail remained without motion. Then, coming just above my head, and in the very same place where the circle disappeared, it stopped to float; and, remaining awhile stationary, as the circle did, it finally disappeared also.

Here I am obliged to deviate again from the proper line of description, in order to give a better understanding of the following events. In all these twelve years, since the vision in the dispensary in 1864 (as described above) till this time in 1876, I very often was thinking about the following: All Christian churches teach the trinity of the Godhead as consisting of three persons in one God. In this I was instructed from my childhood. Now, in my vision in the hospital dispensary in 1864 I saw with open eyes and in broad daylight one majestic human form, which, at the very same time, through the mysterious whisper into my ear, I was informed



was the "God-Father" and "God-Son"; so I have seen two persons of the Trinity, and that in one human form. But, according to the teachings of the Christian churches there remains yet one (the third) person of the Holy Trinity, the person of the Holy Ghost. So, each time I was thinking and meditating about this, I always asked myself mentally, Will I ever attain the favor and grace to know this mystery by seeing the person of the Holy Ghost? But I must add here that on this evening I did not think about this at all; neither can I recollect of having meditated about this during that same day.

Now, just after the vision of that shining golden ring, and right after it of the form of a bird of the same color and brightness, it struck my mind that this appearance is the Holy Ghost (Spirit). I affirm here that this was not said to me so as to be heard by the natural organ of hearing (ear); but it was impressed upon my mind so powerfully and real that I was at once almost positively convinced that it was the Holy Spirit indeed. As this idea impressed itself upon my mind, in the greatest haste I jumped out of my bed, and falling upon my knees I began to pray. Then, after but a few minutes of my prayer, I began to feel heat by my whole body, as if a great fire was near me, or as if I was in hot water or in steam. After that my whole body began to perspire, and with such an unnatural perspiration that it is for me utterly impossible to describe adequately. I can say only that the tears ran out of my eyes as they never did before, and the water of perspiration ran down my whole body as if it was poured over my head, and in a very few minutes all my clothes I had on—two shirts and drawers—were wet as if I came from out the water, and I began to feel chilly; and so quick came the change from intense heat, which caused that unnatural perspiration, to a chilling cold, that in a very few seconds I was shaking with chill and could not pray any longer. So I ceased to pray, and raising myself up I intended to light my

candle so as to be able to change the wet clothes I had on for dry ones; but I was so trembling from the chill that I was utterly unable to find the matches. So, in haste again, I jumped into my bed, and covered myself all over my head, and having done so, in a very few seconds I fell asleep, and into such a deep and sound sleep that I cannot remember of having slept so sound ever before or after that night. As long as I can recall to memory, all my life I had, and have now, to get up several times during the night for natural purposes; but this night I never woke up one single time, and it seemed to me that I slept the whole night without even once moving from one side of the body upon the other. But, awaking in the morning, and far later than I usually rose up, I found myself literally as if in a pool of water. Not only my shirts and drawers, but even all the bed clothes were wet, as if they were all night exposed outdoors under a heavy fog or dew. And, as it was not warm in the room, when I got out of my bed I visibly noticed some kind of steam rising up from my bed-clothes and from my own clothes I had on when I rolled up the window shade. So, as quick as I could, I took out dry clothes, and taking off the wet ones put on the dry. Then I went through my usual morning work and performance, not feeling in the least anything unusual in myself, except, probably, it seemed to me that I felt somewhat easier than usual, which I attributed that time to the exceptionally sound sleep and nightly rest. So, performing my morning prayers as usual, and having taken my luxurious breakfast of bread and water, after which I felt much stronger and refreshed, I dressed myself up and went out for a walk as usual. But as soon as I came out the front door on the street, I felt consciously and visibly a radical and complete change in my mental condition, and it was so great and strange that I was involuntarily compelled to remain for some time standing motionless at the door, looking around the street in all directions.

Now, I had lived in this house nearly two years at that time, and had passed along the street several times every day, so that every house, tree, fence, and all other objects were to me as familiar as even the objects in my own room. But now, looking across the street, along the street to the right and to the left, every object which fell under my sight looked entirely and positively different from its appearance to my eyes before. I was astounded to such a degree that I remained in one place for several minutes, looking around the street and at my own self, wondering what was the matter with the street, my eyes, or my senses. As was stated previously, I lived at that time at 313 Taylor street, between O'Farrell and Ellis streets, and my usual custom was to go along Ellis street at least to Van Ness avenue, if not further, as at that time, above Van Ness avenue, Ellis street was in a rough condition, and had but few decent houses. So, on that morning, after the first impression of wonder had somewhat subsided, I started towards the corner of Ellis street, and then, turning to the right, proceeded along that street towards Van Ness. As I looked on both sides of that street going along, I saw clearly that Ellis street was in the same bad fix as Taylor street; everything on that street was just as much different as every object on Taylor street. But this was not all. Very soon I began to be aware that my physical condition underwent some kind of change also. The first thing I noticed was that I began to feel tired passing just a few blocks only, when before that morning I could walk four times as far without feeling fatigued so much as I did on that morning. And it was so far that, just passing Van Ness avenue, and coming to large vacant lots on both sides of Ellis street, I went into the vacant field, and seeing a large stone or rock I sat down to take a rest. Then I was as tired as if I had walked several hours already, although I was not more than half an hour on the street.

Now, as was stated previously, I had carried in my pock-

et every day a small pocket New Testament in the German language for reading; so, on this morning, I had that little Book of books with me also. And, having sat down on that rock, I took out my little Testament and opened it for reading; but, to my greater surprise, I could not read either. That is, I could read, but for my life I could not collect my senses so far as to be able to understand what I read. I tried to read in several different places, opening the Testament at random, but to no change whatever. I could not understand what I read, hence it was utterly useless to read. Then, resting myself for awhile, I started again to walk further, but, in a short time began to feel fatigued again; and, at the same time, I began more and more to be aware that I was very unsteady upon my legs. I walked nearly as unsteady as a child that has shortly begun to walk alone; and, as at least it appeared to me afterwards, I was looking at everything with such innocent wonder and curiosity as does a little child that comes out on the street in the morning. So I walked all day, having to rest myself far oftener than usual, and feeling constantly far more tired than any day before; and, although, trying to read the Testament several times, I could not succeed in understanding what I read. In the afternoon I came home, and, as I found my room in nearly the same condition and aspect as I found everything outdoors—that is, everything looked in some way different, as it did not look before—I began to fear that my senses were giving way from their normal condition; so I began to pray, but could not perform that in a proper way either. At my walk in the evening I could not perceive so much difference in the appearance of the objects I saw, but I became tired and worn out far sooner than on any evening previous, though the weather was calm and lovely. So I returned home earlier than usual, and went to bed right after performing my evening prayers, which were, to myself, unsatisfactory also.

The next morning I felt a little more strong, but coming out on the street I beheld the same chaos and confusion which

presented itself to my sight the previous morning. But at this time it was somewhat less surprising, and I did not stop long to scrutinize things I looked at, but went my way to walk around, just keeping a sharp notice how steady or unsteady I was in my walking; and pretty soon I became aware that my unsteadiness of yesterday did continue to-day. And at the first opportunity to sit down to take some rest I tried to read my little Testament, but with just the same effect as on the previous day; and I began to be discouraged more and more, not knowing the cause of such a phenomenal change in my condition. Coming home that afternoon still more alarmed about losing my senses, I concluded to make a trial by writing a half sheet of free and random composition, intending to read it the next day; and I put that paper into the bureau drawer. But, instead of reading it the next day, I forgot all about it, and found that paper only some two weeks afterwards; and I forgot it so completely that when I found it I wondered what it contained, but reading it I gradually recollected that I had written it myself, and on the second afternoon of my troubled condition. The evening passed about the same as the previous one, only I could walk around still less than the former evening.

The third morning did not bring any change for the better; but it seemed to me that I gradually grew still weaker and more unsteady in walking. That afternoon, going still around, I began to notice some change in my mental condition. The objects under my eyes began to shape themselves into a more normal aspect; and I began to be more conscious about where I was and what I saw. So passed that afternoon and evening. The next (fourth) morning, coming out on the street, I right away vividly noticed a great change for the better. The whole street looked nearly as usual, and I experienced a great deal of comfort. But, going around, I soon became aware that the mental improvement seemed at the expense of the physical,



as I felt even more weak than on the previous three days, and I became tired still sooner. Sitting down to rest, I took out my pocket Testament; and, to try my ability to read, I opened the cover and began to read the title page. But it did not go satisfactorily, "as I could not yet collect my senses sufficiently to understand what I read. The next (fifth) morning I felt better yet mentally, but not physically, as I was even more weak on my legs, and shaky, than the other day, and could walk around but very little. And, oh, how I was thankful to my Saviour that on these days the weather was moderate and calm, without any heavy winds or gales, as they are almost constantly blowing in San Francisco ! I was pretty sure that I could not keep upon my feet in any considerable strong wind, and it seemed to me that any boy could cause me to tumble down by giving me a hard push. On the sixth day I found a radical change in me; the streets and all other objects looked as normal and usual as they appeared to me before this trouble, and I felt a good deal stronger and steadier in walking. In the afternoon of that day I met on Mason street my friend, the teacher of music, Mr. Lust, with whom I came to California. After having conversed awhile I told him that I felt a strange weakness in my legs, so much so that, walking around, sometimes I felt so unsteady as if I was intoxicated, at which he laughed, but did not say anything; and it appeared to me as if he had in mind that it was the result of liquor, after all. But I must affirm here positively that at that time of my life I did not drink one single drop of intoxicants for several months before and after. But, as he did not say anything about that, so I did not feel any necessity to speak any more about it, and soon we parted. That was but one single occasion, in which I mentioned so much about my condition at that time; and so passed still three days more, till I became fully strong and normal mentally and physically. But on these three days I could not read the Testament yet, although I tried to read every day, but always without any success.



Now, on the ninth day, coming out on the street, I felt myself almost as a new man, or a man who had become fully recovered from a serious sickness. As, since my troubles began, for nine consecutive days I was utterly unable to go so far as the cemeteries; so that morning, feeling myself strong and normal, I concluded to go to the Laurel Hill Cemetery, as I had done so often before. Coming there, and to my customary place of rest, I sat down, and took out my German pocket New Testament. As I said before, my custom was to read the Testament at random; that is, opening it, to begin to read just there where the eyes fell upon, and then proceed further. So, without any preconceived idea whatever, opening the Testament, my eyes fell upon John v: iii—"Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." As I read these words, my mind was struck in some strange manner, although I had read these words many times before, and they were not new to me; yet this time they seemed to contain in themselves something unusual, and I felt some kind of alarm or uneasiness. Then I continued to read further: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit," and "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." Now, as I read these lines through, I became so strangely disturbed and agitated that I could not read any further. Hence, I began to think and meditate about these words of our Saviour. Then all at once it burst upon my mind the whole event of my experiences and condition of the last nine days—the vision in the evening; the overpowering heat, and through that heat the unnatural perspiration, which caused me to become wet all over, as if I emerged out of the water; and also caused me, on awakening the next morning, to find myself in bed as having been exposed all night under rain or heavy fog, all bed-clothes, and those I had on, being wet and damp as having been in water; then the strange men-

tal and physical condition during the several days after that night, when many a time it seemed to me that I was mentally and physically in an utterly childish condition. All these circumstances and events passing quickly through my mind somewhat bewildered me. But, then, right away I remembered the words of John the Baptist: "I, indeed, baptize you with water unto repentance; but he that cometh after me is mightier than I—he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire" (Matt. iii: 11; Luke iii: 10; Mark i: 8). And thinking about these words of John, in connection with my last vision and experiences, it became to my mind even more clear and comprehensible than it would be if it was explained to me by any human words and comparisons that all my experiences of these last days was nothing less than the realization of these words of our Saviour and of John the Baptist. And afterwards, reading the New Testament, in many other passages I was confirmed in this conclusion so far that I became fully convinced of it.

Now, after this I began to read the New Testament, and especially the Four Gospels of our Saviour's teachings, with still closer attention; and the more attentively I read the own words of instruction of our Saviour, the more I got the desire to observe his teachings, and obey his commandments in all my doings and conduct of every-day life. And the more I observed and carried out his teachings and commandments in my every-day life, the more I advanced and progressed in comprehending the teachings of the Scriptures by heart; and this in addition to my previous understanding of them by my head alone. This was the whole secret which puzzled some of the teachers of the Christian religion (as was stated above), how and whereabouts I acquired my knowledge of the Scriptural teachings. So, the more I advanced in comprehending the Scriptures, the more I became able to see and perceive the sublime truth contained in the words recorded as the own words

of God, the Saviour, Jesus Christ. It gradually dawned upon my mind, and became clear and comprehensible, in what way the words of our Saviour—viz.: "If any man will do his (Father's) will, he shall know of the doctrine" (his teachings), etc. (St. John vii: 17.) And, as it was made clear to me also that the will of his and our Heavenly Father was expressed on the Mount of Transfiguration from out the clouds—viz., "Hear ye him," his "beloved Son," Jesus Christ (Matt. xvii: 5; Mark ix: 7; Luke ix: 35)—so it is undeniable to any and every believer in him that all a Christian, as a follower of Christ, has to do is to know Christ's teachings and commandments; and, having acquired that knowledge, to observe and obey his teachings and commandments. Doing that, the Saviour himself, by means of his Holy Spirit (the "Comforter," the "Spirit of Truth"), will be the Instructor and Leader of such a believer in him.

And here is where the "faith" which is "saving faith" comes in. He who observes all his teachings, and obeys his commandments, proves by his deeds and actions that he believes in Christ and has full faith in him; then no man will conscientiously observe Christ's teachings and obey all his commandments who does not believe in him. On the other hand, he who professes ever so much his belief in Christ and his faith in Christ, but violates Christ's teachings and commandments, voluntarily and wantonly proves by his own deeds and actions that he does not have any faith in Christ at all; or he is falsely instructed by his religious teacher (as so many churches teach indeed) that all man needs is to have faith in Christ and he will be saved. This is positively and utterly contrary to all the teachings of Christ himself, and of all his apostles also. And, indeed, such teaching does not constitute religious teaching at all, as religion is solely for the purpose to change the life and actions of man from living and acting by his own sweet will and desire to living and acting in

conformity with the will and law of his Creator and Saviour. But who will change his life and actions if he has been assured that he will inherit eternal life and happiness by only professing his belief and faith in Christ with words, without proving his faith by obedient observance of Christ's teachings and commandments? Such a thing is nothing more than childish expectation. And that is the sole cause that there is no visible difference between a Christian church member and a Hebrew. And many of the last are even far better members of society than very many of the first.

So I continued to walk around for improving my health every day; and at each resting-place continued to read my little New Testament, with the principal aim to learn more of that which he commands us to do and observe, and of that which he forbids us to commit. And the consequence of this was that the more I learned of his will and law, the more I became desirous to obey and observe his teachings; and the more I compelled myself to obey his teachings and commandments, the easier and lighter the observance of them became for me. Thus, advancing and progressing gradually, I soon became aware that my inner disposition, desires, inclinations, and my character in general, underwent a radical change, and a change decidedly for the better; and so much it went so that it became a positive pleasure for me to do as much as I possibly could of deeds in conformity with the gospel teachings, and abstain from all that the Gospels forbid. And so I went along without any remarkable event till 1879.

## CHAPTER IV.

In August, or September, of 1879, I chanced to read in the paper, *Evening Post*, a long article, in which was described the services in the Greek-Russian church in San Francisco, located on Greenwich street, between Stockton and Dupont. Never having had any opportunity to meet a Russian in San Francisco, I was somewhat surprised to learn that here was a Russian church. So, taking careful note about the place, I concluded the very next Lord's Day to go there to find that church, and see for myself how much of a Russian church it was. Accordingly, on the next Sunday morning I went out there, found the church, and attended the services (mass), and to say, by the way, the first time after nearly twenty years since I left Russia. In the same article of the *Evening Post* it was said that a new bishop was coming from Russia for this diocese; so, after the mass was over, going out, I inquired of the sexton if the bishop has come, and received the answer that he has arrived in New York, but how soon he will be here nobody knew for certain. So, leaving the church, I resolved to visit it every Sunday as far as it will be possible for me, and at any opportunity to become acquainted with the priests, as I was acquainted with many in Russia.

Thus I began to visit a place of worship again after some twenty years of interval; and every Lord's Day I was in the church I inquired about the expected arrival of the newly-appointed Bishop, as I felt but too deep longings to find a man with sufficiently acute belief and faith in our Saviour, Jesus Christ, and in the Scriptural teachings, to warrant a confidence and surety not to use it injuriously to the cause of the Re-



deemer, if I confided or imparted to him the visions which I had seen, the words I had heard not from human mouth, and the experiences I had lived and received during the last years since 1876. Then, I must add here, ever since the time of my first vision in the hospital in 1864, very often I felt but too strong a desire and deep longing to communicate it to some one else. And only the fear of God as to my revealing this secret very easily, that it might be taken in a perverted sense, and used for injury to the religion of Christ and his work of redemption, constrained me to hold the secret concealed; and not infrequently I had to brace up all my moral and mental strength not to betray the secret even unintentionally. And for that purpose I was so impatient about the arrival of the Bishop, naturally expecting to find in him such a person as I was desirous to find for my purpose—more likely in him than in any other ecclesiast here in America.

A few weeks after my beginning to visit the church, one Sunday morning, coming to hear the mass, I was informed by the sexton, Rasloff, that the Bishop has arrived, and is in the altar, behind the screens; and if I wish to become acquainted with him, I may do so after the services are over. So, after the mass, I remained in the church, waiting for his coming out. After giving him time to exchange words with some others, who remained, like me, to see him, I, in my turn, approached him and introduced myself to him. Seeing that I had but one arm, he asked me how I lost the other; and as I told him that I had lost it in the war for the Union of States in 1864, he said that he was in 1863 in New York harbor with the Russian *Esquadre*, under the command of Admiral Lyszowsky, was acquainted with very many Americans, and saw several of them this time in New York. He conversed with me until he got tired standing in one place, and excused himself on that account; he asked my promise to come to see him as soon as he had moved from the hotel, where he was staying



temporarily, into a permanent residence. And on the next Sunday he handed to me his address card, telling me that he needed to speak more to me, and wished to see me in his residence as soon as it is possible for me. So in the same week I visited him in his house at 1311 Taylor street, and became not only acquainted, but, as far as it is possible in such different positions of life, became closely befriended. I found out that he was born and educated in St. Petersburg, too; and I was acquainted and in friendly relations with two of his cousins, and knew his uncle, General Baron Zass. He told me, also, that he served his monastic apprenticeship in a branch monastery, only three miles outside of St. Petersburg, under the guidance and instruction of a venerable friar monk, Father Paisey, whom I knew also, as I very often was in that monastery for attending a liturgy, and was also acquainted with some monks. Then he told me that he intended to translate from a book in the Russian language into English, sermons of the most eminent Russian divines, to deliver them in the church in the English language, as very many Greeks and Slavonians did not understand Russian; but all, more or less, understood English. "But this work," he said, "he was unable to do alone, as he knew but very little of the English language." He knew, besides Russian, perfectly well French, some German, Slavonian, Greek and Latin, but very little of the English; so he desired to know if I could help him out in this difficulty. Having explained to him my condition of health, or rather sickness, I told him that if the work would not necessitate me to sit very long at a time, and if my inadequate knowledge of English would be of any help to him, I would cheerfully lend my feeble help in this dilemma. Then he said to me that he wished to engage me as his private secretary, as he was receiving many letters from Protestant clergymen, and other persons, in the English language, all of which he was unable to answer, and he would like to have me to answer

them. Besides that, he had in his house a few sons of priests from Alaska, whom he placed in the public school for education, and which boys could not understand a word of English; so he wished me to give them lessons in English, as far as I could, to enable them so much sooner to understand their teachers in the school. All this I accepted to fulfill as far as my constitution would permit, and my own poor knowledge of English would enable me. Then he asked me how much I would wish to receive as remuneration for my work and trouble, to which I answered that I was perfectly willing and ready to do all that without any pecuniary recompense whatever. To this he replied that he in nowise can accept so much work without paying for it, as his means are incomparably larger than my means. I had confessed to him already that I was compelled, in consequence of my sickness, to live on my pension of \$24 a month alone. So he said if I would feel satisfied, he would gladly pay me \$25 a month for my work for him. This I certainly accepted with thanks; and, having settled all other details, as, at what time and in what days of the week to come to him, I left him, and after a few days began my work in his house, and continued this duty for nearly ten months, coming to him three, four and sometimes five times in a week, which was for me very often not an easy thing to perform, as I was unable to sit so long without exercise in the fresh air.

Now, coming to him so often, and in the capacity of a private secretary, I had the best opportunity to see and judge for myself about the degree of his knowledge, belief and faith in the Scriptures and the teachings of our Saviour. Translating the sermons from a large book in the Russian language, delivered at different times by the greatest teachers of the Greek-Russian church, I often came across some teachings that were grossly in disharmony, and not infrequently in positive contradiction, to the teachings of our Saviour, as these teach-

ings and commandments of him are handed to the world by the apostles. And so I began to call his attention to these discordant teachings. And, as he always could not see any untruth in them, I had to quote to him the very words of our Saviour from the Gospels, and explain to him the proper application of these words of Christ to man's every-day life. Then, seeing that I was right, judging by the words of the Gospels, he always consented that the teachings in the sermon were erroneous, but said that he wished to translate and deliver the sermons just as they are in the original; and so it was done and left without any correction. Now this state of things happened with every sermon that we translated, and in many sermons the errors were but too frequent and gross. I could give many instances of such discussions and explanations, but it will take too much time and space to describe them. But, for the benefit of my fellow-men that seek for more truth and light, I will describe here one notable conversation, which is more instructive than others.

One morning, being occupied with translating a sermon, I asked him: "Your eminence, I wish to ask you about something in order to know if I am correct or not." "What is it?" said he. To which I answered: "I have asserted always that every word of teaching and commandment that the Saviour spoke to his disciples, the apostles, he, in the very same manner, speaks to every individual of the whole human race; whoever will have the opportunity to read them from the Testament, or hear them spoken by another man. Is it correct or erroneous?" I asked. "It is perfectly correct; if we read his words in the Gospels or in the Acts of the Apostles, we must consider them as being spoken to ourselves," he answered. Then I asked him; "Is it, therefore, unquestionable that we are bound to obey and observe everything which he admonishes, demands and commands us to obey and observe?" To this he answered, "This is perfectly correct, too." After this

I opened the New Testament, and read to him the following: "And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations," etc. "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you," etc. Having read this last command of our Saviour (Matt. xxviii: 18, 19, 20), I told him: "Now, your eminence, I desire to ask you is there any denomination of the Christian religion in the world that obeys this command of our Saviour—the greatest of all commands in the Bible, because it covers all his Messianic work on earth—by teaching 'all things whatsoever' he has taught and commanded?" To this question there came no reply; but, with a sigh, he fell into meditation. Seeing his perplexity, I told him: "Your eminence, I do not need an answer to this question; I know that there are none, and know, too, that, as there is no church that teaches all that Christ commanded to teach, there is no nation, neither any community, in the world that conducts its affairs in conformity with the teachings and commandments of our Saviour. Hence, there is no true Christianity in the world; only here and there some isolated individuals that strive to conduct their lives and actions, as much as it is possible for them, in accordance with the gospel teachings and commandments of Christ; and this not in consequence of the teachings of the church to which they belong, because the church does not teach that at all, but solely by and through the awakening of their individual conscience by close reading of the gospel teachings of Christ. I know it perfectly well that no bishop or priest, either in the Greek Catholic or in the Roman Catholic church, dare to obey this command of Christ; as the former has in the person of the Czar of Russia, and the latter in the person of the Pope of Rome, a far greater and severer master than Jesus of Nazareth; and the Protestant ministers of the gospel (?) in the monarchical countries to a great extent cannot obey this command of our Saviour either, as the monarchical

system of civil government is positively anti-Christian, the teachings of Christ being pure heavenly democracy. But how is it in this country of universal freedom, where the civil government is established in conformity with the gospel teachings of Christ himself? I do not say this for the accusation of any one, but solely for the benefit of those concerned. As the evangelists' record in the Gospels, the own words of our Saviour are fearfully close of application in regard to this matter." To all this the Bishop gave no answer; neither expressed any opinion of his own. Discussions and conversations of such a character we had nearly every time when occupied with the translation of the sermons. And, undoubtedly, these conversations and explanations of the gospel teachings and commandments of Christ brought out from his bosom the exclamation of wonder—described in some place previously—that I understood so remarkably well the Scriptures. It is of little use to mention here any more of our conversations about the Bible teachings. I will state here only that the more I became acquainted with him, the more I saw his deep belief in the Scriptures, but only such a belief and faith as, in some degree, I had possessed before my above-described regeneration. But, nevertheless, his belief and faith in the Saviour of the world was far greater and profounder than I ever had discerned in any other ecclesiast, whether in Catholic or Protestant denominations.

Now, I am obliged to deviate some from my proper course of deposition. Ever since I recovered from my sickness and came out from the hospital in 1864, always when I meditated about the sublime vision of "God-Father and God-son," I felt a profoundly deep and strong desire to reveal it to somebody else. But, each time feeling that desire, I felt at the same time some kind of fear and shudder, lest the revealing of my vision will be taken and explained in such a way as to produce far more harm than good for the religion of Christ and



the cause of the world's Redeemer. Hence, every time I suppressed my desire in the hope to meet, some time in the future, a person with sufficiently deep belief in the Scriptures and profound faith in the Saviour as to warrant the confidence of receiving this secret, and this is the answer and explanation of that question, propounded in the "Introduction" to these Depositions, viz.: Why these "Visions" were not given to the world by the writer of this during his life on earth, but only after he has passed away from here? Now, if the desire was but too great before, it became incomparably greater and stronger after my experienced regeneration—my baptism by the Holy Spirit and new birth—which came to pass in 1876, and was fully described above. And it demanded from me almost superhuman force and power of will not to betray anything of these secrets during my discussions and conversations with the Bishop about the Scriptures and the work of our Saviour. So the more closely I became acquainted with Bishop Nestor (his name), and the more I discerned his conscientious belief in the Scriptures and faith in our Saviour, the more I began to think that he was the proper person to whom I could reveal and confide my "Visions" and experience of regeneration, which events, in the natural way and order, reveal and prove the sublime truth of the words of our Saviour recorded in the Gospels. And, therefore, I began seriously to think about how and at what time would be the most proper and expedient occasion to reveal all to him. Constantly contemplating about that, I came to the conclusion that the proper time for it would be at a regular confession, as the Greek-Russian Catholic Church has ear-confession just as the Roman Catholic Church has; and, according to the church laws and ordinances, every member of the church has to confess his sins and receive the Holy Sacrament of Eucharist at least once in a year, if not oftener. And I resolved to ask Bishop Nestor to be my confessor, saying to him in advance



that I have to reveal some events which, in no ways, can I confide to any other clergyman, and that is the cause and reason that I take the liberty to ask him to be my confessor; thinking that the revealing of the above described events at such a solemn time, so to say, before the face of the Creator and Saviour himself, would be the least likely to be taken as a fiction, or even a cunning device to promote one's own personal aims and ends. And at the same time I could ask from him a more solemn and honest promise not to reveal it to anybody else, except for the benefit and furtherance of the religion of Christ and his teachings; and even then, without mentioning my name in connection with it. Now, I must confess here, also, that I had not been to confession for nearly forty years, as I did not, and do not now, believe that a priest has the power to forgive sins. This power belongs only to the Supreme Power or Deity, and can be specially communicated to any mortal who will prove himself worthy of possessing such power; but not every one who has graduated from any human institution and become capable to be a religious teacher to others can be a recipient of such power, conferred upon him by other mortals like himself. This is too much for me. And this circumstance I intended to use, also, as a reason for troubling him to be my confessor.

So passed the time in our work and conversation and discussion till the Lenten fast came in the year 1880, at which time, at least once in a year, every one has to perform the work of repentance by attending the church services twice in a day for a whole week; or, at least for three days. Then to go to confession, and the next morning to partake the sacrament of the Holy Supper. This obligation Bishop Nestor always performed with great solemnity and on the first week of the Lent. And this he performed in the first lenten week in 1880 as usual. That Lord's day, after the mass, as usual coming forth to meet and converse with him, I congratulated him with the

partaking of the Holy Sacrament, and after a few words he invited me to come with him to his house for dinner; and if there was nothing to prevent me he would be pleased to have me go with him in his carriage. Accepting his invitation, I went with him to his house on Taylor street. During the dinner he informed me that he intended soon to go to Alaska and the Aleutian Islands for the inspection of the churches there, and would be absent for two or probably for three months. On my inquiry how soon he will go, he said that he is not sure yet, but probably the next week or the week after the next. This communication affected me very much, as it crossed my intention of revealing my secrets described above; inasmuch as in the course of the several months of his absence anything can happen with me or even with him; and even so far that he will not return at all. So I said to myself, if anything has to be done it must be done speedily.

This happened on the Lord's day (Sunday), and on the next Tuesday morning, coming to him for work as usual, during our work I asked him if he had fixed for sure the time of his departure for Alaska, to which he replied that he had made all necessary arrangements for going the next week, as the steamer leaves for Alaska on that week. This was a still greater blow for me; and I suppose it was betrayed by my face, as he several times looked into my face with some sympathetic wonder, but did not ask the reason of it. Probably he ascribed the depressed expression of my face to the loss of the money which would come from his absence—money which I received from him for my work for him; but the real cause was very different. Having finished our work for that day, I went around for exercise as usual, at the same time contemplating seriously and deeply how to arrange it better for him and for me. Doing so, I arrived at the positive conclusion that it would be the best thing to tell him my intention of asking him to be my confessor before his going away, at my first

or next visit to his house, which would have to come on the next Thursday. And, for that purpose, I had to call to memory all the circumstances of the respective events more correctly and definitely, in order not to admit any doubt or suspicion of my revelations as being fictitious, or as being put up and invented for some personal aims and ends.

So that very evening, coming home after my usual evening's walk, I performed my evening prayers as usual, and went to bed about 10 o'clock. I lived to that time at 210 O'Farrell street, renting a small furnished room on the first floor, and with but one window, from Mrs. Graham. It was a front room, and the window looked upon O Farrell street, and beneath the room was a low cellar, where they kept some wood for the kitchen stove. Behind, or in the rear of my room, was the sleeping-chamber of Mr. and Mrs. Graham, divided from my room by a thin partition, and the partition so light that when they were talking in that room in a usual way it could be distinctly heard in my room. My bed was standing with the head-board against that partition, and with the side on the outside wall. In that corner, and just above the bed's head-board, were hanging several likenesses of the Saviour and the Virgin, and also a crucifix, some of them on the partition and the others on the outside wall, the same which I have till the present day. Now, when I went to bed, lying upon my back, I began to think, and made some strenuous exertions to recall to my memory more connected circumstances which happened in connection with the visions, in order to explain and describe them more clearly at confession, resolving to speak about my desire to have him to be my confessor at the next time I will be in the house of Bishop Nestor, and, at the same time, praying mentally for more light and guidance from above how to arrange the whole affair better and smoother. Then I heard Mr. and Mrs. Graham coming into their sleeping-room, and heard them conversing for awhile; then they ceased to talk

and all became still and quiet. So, continuing to think and recall to my memory all the particulars of the previously described visions and experiences, I gradually began to formulate in my mind how to describe them more, and better connected, to the Bishop at the confession. Then, all at once, I heard a pretty sharp and heavy knock from beneath, as if it were an earthquake shock, and so strong and heavy that the partition behind the bed's head-board and the outside wall on my left side were distinctly trembling, causing the pictures and the crucifix, hanging in the corner above my head, to rattle, all of which I heard distinctly. And more than that; in the very moment when I heard the shock from beneath, I felt distinctly also that my mattress was a little lifted up under me as if by a sudden and a very powerful pressure of air from beneath, causing the mattress suddenly to be a little lifted up and make a distinct pressure upon my back, as I was lying flat on my back, with the face towards the window. Waiting a few seconds for a possible repetition of the same, or any sound or noise from outside, and, not hearing anything, I got up from my bed and went to the window; and, drawing the window-shade aside, I looked on the street in every direction as far as I could, but no living being was to be seen on the street, and no commotion or disturbance whatever. Remaining for a few seconds sitting at the window, and not perceiving any life or motion on the street, I returned to my bed; and a few minutes after this I heard again Mr. and Mrs. Graham talking one to another, which gave me the proof that they were not asleep when I heard the shock; so I decided to ask them the next day if they heard that shock, and what they could make out of it.

This event scattered my thought so completely that after it I could not collect my mind upon the subject I was thinking about before it; so, soon after that, I fell asleep, and did not hear anything more. On the next morning, meeting Mrs.

Graham in the hall, I asked her if they had heard the earthquake shock after they were in their sleeping-room, as I knew they were not asleep at that time, because I heard them conversing before and after the shock. She answered that they did not hear any disturbance at all, and that, probably, I was asleep and dreamed it. But, being perfectly sure that I was fully awake and in full consciousness, and was thinking and arranging in my mind how better to reveal my visions and experiences at confession, it was to me but too strange and incomprehensible how it possibly could be, and what it meant, and how to understand this event. So, going out that morning as usual for my daily exercise, I began seriously to think and contemplate about the affair; and the more I contemplated about it, the more I could see that it was no ordinary earthquake shock, as such a shock could not produce a pressure of air from beneath through the floor; and such a pressure I felt distinctly upon my body, as if the mattress under me was somewhat lifted up by a powerful air action from beneath. Turning all this over and over in my mind, I came to the conclusion that it must contain some special sign for me, as two persons in such close proximity to me did not hear anything of it, although the knock was so powerful that the outside wall and the inside partition were shaken by that knock to such a degree that the pictures which were hanging above my head had rattled. All this I heard distinctly. Now, as at that time, I was contemplating about the confession, and exerted myself to some degree to remember more clearly all the circumstances pertaining and connected with the "visions" I have had, and this for the purpose of revealing them to Bishop Nestor, when that shock startled me and scattered all my thoughts so far that I was utterly unable to collect them again for further meditation, it appeared to me that this shock was nothing less than a warning for me not to reveal my secrets, as possibly it may prove in the further, injury to the "religion



of Christ" and the belief and faith in him. In this idea I was soon fully convinced, and so far as to be nearly sure that it was so. Hence, I sternly resolved not to reveal my secrets and not to go to confession. And so, the next time coming to Bishop Nestor, I did not let anything out about my intention; neither said to him or to anybody else anything about these circumstances.

So Bishop Nestor went to Alaska, and I had again the whole time for my reading the Bible and meditation about the gospel teachings of our Saviour; as also for meditation about my "Visions" and "experiences." But my conscience was, very often, somewhat disturbed by the thought that, as I resolved positively and finally not to reveal the "Visions" and my "experiences" to anybody, and, therefore, dropped the wish to find a mortal to whom I could safely confide them, it seemed to me wrong to carry these "secrets" with me, and bury them in the earth with my body without giving them to the world, so that no one of my fellow-beings might be benefited by them, and strengthened more in the belief in the Scriptures and in the teachings and faith of our Saviour.

Thinking often about all these, I at last resolved to write them down on paper in the Russian language; and having securely sealed it up in an envelope, to give the package for safe keeping to Bishop Nestor, asking him for the favor to preserve it without opening till my death. And after my death, also without opening it himself, to forward it to the Holy Synod of St. Petersburg, Russia, accompanied by a writing from himself with the explanation from whom it is and what it contains; being in hope that Bishop Nestor will do all this as I desire, if I will entrust it to him as my last wish and testament. So, fixing this idea in my mind, I began to write down everything I saw, heard, experienced, etc., and afterwards arranged it properly, writing it over as well as I could; and that in the Russian language, and kept it securely till the return of Bishop Nestor from Alaska.



This, then, was the principal cause why this was not revealed by the writer during his life on earth, and which was but for the strengthening of the opinion entertained by him heretofore.

After a few months' absence Bishop Nestor returned to San Francisco, and I resumed my work with him again, but did not tell him anything about my writings, waiting for some more developments that would give me more assurance and security for intrusting to his care and safe-keeping my written "ante-mortem confession," as I named those writings in Russian. But in a short time after the Bishop's return, there came grave quarrels and altercations among the clergy of the church in San Francisco who were under his immediate control and supervision, with very grave charges and accusations against some of them. This, Bishop Nestor, as the superior authority over the church personally, had to decide, and adjust everything in conformity with the laws and impartial justice. But he proved himself to be inadequate for the occasion, as his extreme goodness and love of peace and friendly relations towards every one and all made him almost childish weak; so much it was so that he was utterly unable to reproach or reprimand even the deacon, far less a priest, for any unbecoming action or words. And this weakness of the Bishop served but as an encouragement to the refractory clericals to do more mischief. Seeing all that, and often giving him advice how to settle the difficulty so as to be neither against the laws of man nor derogatory to justice and the laws of God, I always received the reply that he "cannot do that"; he is "unable to tell any man to the face that his actions are wrong." Now, seeing in Bishop Nestor such weakness of character and inability to act in conformity with his rank, and title, and position of authority, etc., I began to perceive that he was not a proper person to whom I could intrust my "Depositions." Moreover, as many a time I had the papers in my pocket, be-

ing in his house, and only waited for a good chance to speak and deliver them to him, but every time there came something or other that diverted my intention from doing so, I concluded that it is against the will of my Saviour to leave the "Depositions" in the hands of Bishop Nestor; and it subsequently proved to be so. Two years after that time he went to Alaska and the Aleutian Islands for the inspection of the churches, as usual, but never came back to San Francisco, as he drowned himself ten miles off the island of St. Paul, in the Aleutian Archipelago, during his return voyage. And as all his effects and books were subsequently sold at auction, there is no telling what would have become of my writings, if they had been intrusted to him. A few months afterwards, becoming worse in my health again, and having to witness much quarreling and animosity between the clergy and others, I gave up my work as his helper, and he ceased to deliver sermons in English, but requested the priests to deliver sermons in Russian. So the "ante-mortem confession," written in the Russian language, remained with me; but as they were written very short, only the principal events and circumstances connected with the "Visions," as also the "Visions" themselves, having now written the present "Depositions" in English, and as complete as I could, the writing in the Russian becomes nearly useless; nevertheless I will preserve it for any emergency.

Now, when I left Bishop Nestor (to say, by the way, to his utter chagrin and discomfiture) I ceased to go into the church also, and for two reasons: Firstly, not to see poor Bishop Nestor, whom I loved and respected ever so much; and secondly, not to come into contact with those persons that produced all the quarrels and disturbances in the church. And since that time I was never one single time in the church. But this fact does not disturb the peace of my conscience in the least degree, as I told the Bishop at the time of my leaving

him that I preferred to follow the teachings and to obey the commandments of my Saviour far more than to obey the laws of man and church ordinances (in conformity with the words of the Apostles Peter and John, in Acts of Apostles iv: 19); so I will pray at home, as I did before I found the church, which duty I conscientiously performed, and do continue to perform till the present day. So I severed my connection with the church, and began to live again just as I did for so many years before. And since that time nothing particular has happened to me, and no particular experience in my physical or mental condition ensued, except that in many and in very different ways have I had the inexpressible blessing to perceive clearly and vividly that my prayers and petitions are heard, and almost without exception are answered to my full satisfaction and desire. Also, that constantly more and more I experience the increase of inner peace and good-will and wish towards all my fellow-beings; and only the following three causes disturb my inner equanimity, and produce a good deal of pain and heart-soreness, namely: First, to see so much injustice and wrong perpetrated by men upon one another; second, to see so many crippled and blind begging for means to support their physical life, as they are unable to procure it by the work of their own arms and muscles; third, to see clearly and plainly that the teachings of the Christian religion are performed incorrectly, and not so at all as it ought to be done. The Christian religion is the religion of Christ, and the religion of Christ is contained in the words, the teachings and commandments of Christ himself. That is, in the principles and doctrines recorded in the Gospels as the own words of our Saviour. From these words principally should be the whole teaching of the Christian religion, and not from the Old Testament, as that Testament belongs to the Mosaic Dispensation, which was superseded by the Gospel Dispensation of Christ, but was revived under the auspices of Protestantism,

and is constantly pushed further and ahead to the injury of the religion of Christ. This is positively wrong, as these two systems of religion in nowise can go hand-in-hand together, because they are positively different. The aim and end of every religion in the world is solely for the purpose of improving the life and actions of man to such a degree that he should come to such a state of mind as to live and act in perfect conformity with the will and law of his Creator. For that end were the laws and ordinances of the many and different religions given by the Universal Creator of all. As no man can deny—even the rabbis of the Mosaic religion admitting freely—that the teachings and commandments of our Saviour stand incomparably higher than the teachings of Moses. It is evident that teaching the Christian religion from the old Testament of the Mosaic Dispensation is nothing less than a prevention of the establishment of Christ's religion on earth. It is just the same in result as it would be if the universities—for making astronomers—would teach only the pure mathematics, and astronomy proper, would give only in general terms and principles. The world would then have just as good astronomers as it has now “good Christians.”

The proof to this is not hard to find. As religion must and does elevate the standard of human life, this no one can deny, and as the morals of the religion of Christ are so much and incomparably higher and purer than the morals of the religion of Moses, as found in the Old Testament of our Bible, this no one can deny either: so it is self-evident that the life of the professed Christians, and even “good Christians” at that, ought to be far more and higher in morality than the life and morals of the Hebrews of the same country and community; because the religion professed by the former is so much higher than the religion of the latter. But is it so in fact? Every one who is acquainted with the world's doings and conditions will answer, No. It is far more near to be the reverse.

We need only to look around ourselves in this country. Taken generally, or as a class, the Hebrews are far higher in morals than the professing Christians; and to the superficial observer the only difference between them consists in the simple fact that the Hebrew goes to worship God—according to the laws of Moses, whose follower he is—on the seventh day of the week (his Sabbath), whereas the Christian (professed follower of Christ) goes to worship his Lord, God, and Saviour on the first day of the week, and this in honor and memory of his Lord, God, and Saviour Jesus Christ, who rose from death on the first day of the week, and who, having risen from death on the first day of the week, appeared to his followers in his body alive, and thereby established and proved to them all he claimed to be when living among them. And these Christians worship God on the first day of the week instead of the seventh day of the week of the Mosaic Dispensation; that is, on the resurrection day of our Lord, God, and Saviour, which is established strictly in obedience to his command: "For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son." "That all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father. He that honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father which hath sent him." (St. John v: 22, 23.) Now the Saviour tells us here, clearly and plainly, that he who does not honor the Son does not honor "the Father which sent him," and why? Because the "Father" and the "Son" constitute one Divine Person, as I have seen in the most sublime vision in the hospital at Fort Trumbull; and it was told into my ear from above, that the human form I saw in the midst of the clouds was the "God-Father" and "God Son." So I know it positively to be so, and know it not from human teachings, but from the revealing of the Saviour himself; and this was revealed to me in perfect accordance to and with his words: "I and my Father are one." "Who sees me, sees my Father also."



Now, as from the words of our Saviour, it is evident that man cannot honor the Father (Jehovah) without honoring the Son (Saviour); therefore, to be able to honor the Father, whom man has not seen, man must honor the Son whom man has seen. Now, on what day of the week is the most proper time to honor the Saviour in public worship and thanksgiving? Most surely, not on the seventh day of the week (the Sabbath of the Decalogue). On that day he was dead, and lying buried in the sepulchre. On that day he was dead physically, as any mortal can be dead; and so, not only for all unbelievers in him, but was even so to all his nearest followers, the disciples and the apostles. And so much it was so that even the foremost of the apostles, as Peter and John, were reluctant to believe the words of the holy women, who announced that they had seen him in his body alive. This day of the week is the most improper among all days to observe in worship for his honor; and without honoring him, as he tells us himself, we cannot honor his Father who "sent him" to the world. But the above-quoted words of his (St. John v: 23), being taken in reverse, will read thus, "Who honoreth the Son at the same time honoreth the Father," because "I and my Father are one." So the seventh day of the week (the Sabbath of the Decalogue) drops out of the question, as the believer and follower of Christ cannot honor Christ on the day when he was physically dead to the whole world, and without honoring the Son (Christ) the follower and believer in him and his Word cannot honor his Father (Jehovah). Thus the apostles and all other followers of Christ, and believers in his gospel teachings and commandments, after the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, began to assemble together as often as it was possible, for breaking bread in commemoration of the Last Supper. And when the community of believers began to enlarge very fast, they began to assemble for the breaking of bread (and this in obedience to his command or injunction.



"This do in remembrance of me" (Luke xxii: 19) on the first day of the week, as the one day of the week the most fitting and proper for keeping holy by public worship in his honor, and for the remembrance of him. As on that day he rose from death, and appearing to his believers and followers in his physical body alive, and dispersing all doubt in them, established in their minds and consciences as a heavenly truth all that which he claimed to be, as also all that which he taught them living among them; so much so that they, unhesitatingly, accepted him as the Lord and God of heaven and earth. "All power is given me in heaven and in earth." (Matt. xxviii: 18.) "My Lord and my God." (John xx: 28.) But notwithstanding all these teachings and testimonies of men, endued with the Holy Spirit of truth from on high, and which testimonies were given by them for the whole human race on earth, even this last distinction between Hebrew and Christian, as to the day of the week set apart for public worship and honor of God, is being strenuously worked upon to be extinguished and obliterated, and this by men who, by the whole might of their voice, proclaim themselves to be the best teachers of the religion of Christ.

There is a pseudo-Christian sect that exists under the name of "Seventh-day Sabbath Adventists." The leaders and teachers of that "sect" exert their utmost power of speech and pen to establish the seventh day of the week as a day of rest (Sabbath) and of public worship, as it was established by Moses in the Mosaic Dispensation of the Old Testament of our Bible, and which day is strictly observed by all believing Hebrews till the present day; because they reject the Messiahship of our Saviour, and therefore remain in the Mosaic Dispensation as followers of Moses in adhering to his institutions. The observances of the seventh-day Sabbath, the Adventist leaders urge upon the people under the pretense that it was commanded by God himself, and inscribed upon the tables of stone as

the fourth commandment of the Decalogue. But they do not see, or pretend not to see, or refuse to see, that the will and law of God (Jehovah), for all those that accepted Jesus of Nazareth as the true Messiah and their Saviour, is not in the Old Testament of our Bible, but in the Four Gospels and partially in the Acts of the Apostles in the New Testament, which constitutes the religion of Christ, and to which religion Christians, by their very name, profess to belong. To state it more plainly for all to be understood, the will and law of God for all those who profess to be Christian believers in and followers of Christ and his teachings and commandments, is expressed in the following words made known upon the Mount of Transfiguration, viz., "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." (Matt. xvii: 5; Mark ix: 7; Luke ix: 35.) Now, as these last words, "hear ye him," cannot mean anything else than, Obey ye him, or, Do what he teaches and commands you to do, hence the whole law and will of our Heavenly Father is contained in the teachings and commandments of our Saviour, and his teachings and commandments are in the New Testament of our Bible and not in the Old Testament. Besides this, the Saviour says himself: "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me. If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself." And, "For I have not spoken of myself but the Father which sent me; he gave me a commandment what I should say and what I should speak." (St. John vii: 16, 17; xii: 44, 48, 49.) There are far more words of our Saviour that prove the correctness of the assertion that the gospel teachings and commandments contain the whole law and will of God for Christians; and no religious teacher can deny that, or prove himself to be correct, if he ever will deny this.

The Adventists claim that their conscience compels them to observe the seventh day of the week as a day of rest, or

Sabbath, because that observance was commanded by God. But nowadays every intelligent person knows full well that human conscience is very elastic; it can be made to believe and adhere to any absurdity, even to a criminal intercourse. This is amply and fully seen by the "modern abomination" of the Mormons of Utah fame, which sect flourishes under the name of "Reorganized Church of Christ of the Latter-day Saints"; and mark here, "Christ's Church Saints" (?) Is it not the most horrible blasphemy upon the name of the Blessed Saviour of mankind? Every sensible, honest, and pure female shrinks with abhorrence from the idea to have a husband that is a husband of many other wives besides her. But among the Mormon females can be found many, and very many are found, who are doing any and every sinful, or even criminal, acts to sustain and preserve their foul institutions. And why? Because it is constantly and uninterruptedly hammered into their heads by their religious (?) teachers that their institution of polygamy is according to the will and law of God, and insures the salvation of the soul and eternal life. (As their Doctrine and Covenant, page 464, says: "Behold, I reveal unto you a new and an everlasting covenant, and if ye abide not in that covenant [polygamy] then are ye damned; for no one can reject this covenant and be permitted to enter into my [celestial] glory.") Now, can such a law (?) be found in any other, even so-called pagan, religions of the world? The Mohammedans have polygamy, but it is only permitted by the Koran, and not commanded to adhere and abide in it; but here it is positively commanded, under the penalty of being "dampned" for rejection of it. And this the "Mormon leaders and teachers," "elders," "apostles," and "prophets" (?) claim as rights of individual conscience. Just the same plea as the "Adventists" proclaim as the right of conscience to introduce into the "Religion of Christ," and establish an institution, which is Mosaic and not Christian, because it is not command-

ed by Christ, neither enjoined by any of the apostles, and is, therefore, unchristian. But as the "Mormons," just so the "Adventists," say, that man cannot expect to inherit eternal life from the hands of Christ if he does not observe the "seventh-day Sabbath"; *i. e.*, in order to receive salvation from Christ, man must do that which Christ did not command him to do and observe. And so it is, at least to a great extent, with all "denominations" of the Christian religion. All teach, more or less, only to believe in Christ, and to do that which the pulpit-teacher tells them to do, and not to "obey and observe all things whatsoever" Christ has commanded, notwithstanding such teaching is in positive disobedience to our Saviour's last and the greatest command, *viz.*, "Teaching them [all nations, all people] to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you," etc. (Matt. xxviii: 20.)

Seeing and knowing all this from the religious literature (being a constant subscriber and close reader of six religious papers of different Protestant denominations for several years), I attempted many times to expose these errors and falsities, but never could have the chance to do that, as every paper refused to publish such of my writings as exposed too much of their own errors. So by me nothing more could be done than to write as much as I possibly will be able, and publish it in "pamphlet form" by my own means, if I will be able to save so much from my pension, as I have no hope whatever to be able to work and earn some money besides my pension. As to the present time, I can in no ways write more than two hours a day, and that only mornings. But it is very hard to save much from a pension of thirty dollars a month.

Now, I desired to tell here much more about my experiences in life of "religion," but it is too voluminous already. Hence I must finish these "Depositions" by expressing my last wish and desire that these "Depositions" be printed in a "book form," and distributed among my fellow-men for their

benefit in this world and in the life beyond, as for that purpose principally they were written. And I ask and pray that in whosoever hands these writings will come after I am gone, he shall not fail to see them printed and distributed.

And now, let me express my affectionate "farewell" to all my fellow-men, adding, God bless you all and be merciful to you, is the last wish of the undersigned,

PETER PETROFF.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., 1886.

